TO SOCIALISM BY TRAIN: Stefan Heym

THE NATION

October 11, 1965 . . 35c

Ferment in the Churches

The New Christian Soldiers — Harvey Cox

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Mississippi: SUMMER OF DISCONTENT . . . Elizabeth Sutherland

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LETTERS

Backdrop of malaise

Cambridge, Mass.

Dear Sirs: The atmosphere of the Berkeley nonstudent Left as described by Hunter S. Thompson ("The Nonstudent Left"; *The Nation*, Sept. 27) reminds this effete Easterner of nothing so much as the resort ads in the very establishment *New York Times*. . . . Certainly there are serious basic problems in our society which demand (and are receiving from a section of the New Left) serious consideration and action. But for the persons whom Mr. Thompson describes, the malaise of society is not so much a condition to be changed as a fitting backdrop for the only fulfillment which they seem to know —self-indulgence. That this style of politics can have any lasting significance seems a remote possibility.

Steven Levine

Poet on politics

Santa Fe, N.M.

Dear Sirs: Robert Duncan's "Up Rising" (*The Nation*, Sept. 13) seemed to me the finest political poem I had read in years. Clearly, even in the time of overpopulated empires, if a poet is good enough, he can write well on public themes. The fact is reassuring.

J. C. Fiscalini

Still in print

New York City

Dear Sirs: Alexander Laing, in his most welcome article in your anniversary issue, mentions that a book of Eli Siegel's poems, *Hot Afternoons Have Been in Montana: Poems*, was published in 1957. The book is published by Definition Press, 39 Grove Street, New York City, and can at this time be gotten from the publishers.

Martha Baird, Editor

Poverty, Inc.

New York City

Dear Sirs: With the aid of SNCC, the Poor People's Corporation has been formed in Mississippi. The purpose of the corporation, to be run wholly by its members, is to provide a framework for the establishment of a variety of small businesses to be carried on by the poor people of the rural South. Many of these people have lost their jobs through participation in the civil rights movement—all too often merely registering to vote. . . . [See "Mississippi: Summer of Discontent," p. 212.]

Several workshops are already under way, and in a matter of a few months goods will be arriving in the North for marketing. But to realize its potential of providing the poor of the South with a considerable measure of economic independence—to become itself an economic force in the South—the PPC needs money to initiate projects, skilled people who are willing to train others and, of equal importance, ideas for future workshops. Please address correspondence and checks to: Poor People's Corporation, 5 Beekman St., New York 10038, N.Y., or P.O. Box 977, Jackson, Miss.

James Goldman
Poor People's Corporation

Welcome

New York City

Dear Sirs: Good to see Constantine Poulos back in *The Nation*—and with the best thing that has been written on Greece and its present problems ["Greece: What the Palace Fears," *The Nation*, Sept. 27].

T. Tanakos

Art's arrow

New York City

Dear Sirs: The great art of our day without exception favors the Left. André Malraux's fine novel *Man's Fate* is a hymn to the Chinese revolution. Silone's *Fontamara*, Picasso's *Guernica* and Brecht's plays are Left-oriented. The destroyers of the Left (Mussolini, et al.) begot no art.

Still U.S. policy would destroy all Left revolutions, even those independent of China and Russia. Failure is certain. For art is ever the arrow of history and no force can withstand its pronouncements. The pen is indeed mightier than the sword.

David Mandel

Competence

Hollywood, Calif.

Dear Sirs: Sen. Thomas J. Dodd, denouncing Martin Luther King for his peace proposals relative to the United States, Vietnam and China, said King "has absolutely no competence to speak about complex matters of foreign policy." It might be pointed out that King (not Dodd) won the Nobel Peace Prize.

Harry Cimring

Mechanics of diplomacy

Philadelphia, Pa.

Dear Sirs: From the discussion on the floor of the Senate prompted by the Fulbright memorandum on the Dominican intervention, the hand of the Central Intelligence Agency in setting the matrix for intervention was shown. Credit for this should be given to Sen. Joseph Clark who, while somewhat ambivalent in his views on the intervention at the time, has given wholehearted support to the Fulbright position. Because of the

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Whither Goldberg?

The General Assembly is in the throes of its annual denial of United Nations membership to Red China and, as usual, the United States is in the forefront of the battle against Peking. The spokesman this time was Ambassador Goldberg, but it might as well have been Adlai Stevenson or Henry Cabot Lodge. The script was the same, and Goldberg's reading was inferior, from a theatrical standpoint, to that of either of his predecessors.

There may be valid reasons for denying membership to Red China—or withholding the offer of it, for it is by no means likely that the Chinese would accept. The reasons given in the Goldberg (or State Department) statement are so hypocritical, however, that none but the child minds of international politics can give them credence. China is accused of designs to "change world order by force and violence" and to reject "fundamental restraints on the use of force in [the UN] charter. . . ." This is quite true, but it is equally true that the United States and its anti-Communist allies believe in the use of force and violence to resist changes in the world order, and not only believe in it but practice it without restraint. It is the United States that is flooding South Vietnam with men and arms, attacking civilians and combatants in both Vietnams indiscriminately from the air, and making it plain to the Chinese that if they dare to come to the aid of the North Vietnamese they will receive the same treatment. The Chinese, as witness Marshal Lin Piao's call for world revolution, are vocally the more belligerent, but no nation can surpass the United States in its willingness to use force—and that holds for the Truman, Eisenhower and Kennedy administrations as well as the present one. The debate might more logically turn on a proposal to expel the United States from the United Nations, or apply sanctions against it, rather than on whether the Chinese should be admitted.

If, in the present world order, any nation, with the exception of the Scandinavian countries, forgoes the use of force when its rulers find force to be in the national interest, that nation has somehow hidden its virtue from historians. Israel joined England and France in an attack on Egypt, which had provoked the attack by aggressions of its own. The Soviet Union put down counterrevolution in Hungary by force. The United States abetted an invasion of Cuba. As Goldberg was mouthing his lines, India and Pakistan, both armed by the United States, were violating a cease-fire in their war over Kashmir. There may be distinctions and degrees of aggression in these conflicts, but aggression is certainly not peculiar to the Chinese.

The script is so hackneyed that it hardly merits this much discussion, but its delivery by Ambassador Goldberg is a bad augury. The President pulled him out of the Supreme Court, and one could assume that the selection of a negotiator of Goldberg's caliber foreshadowed a less sterile policy. One could also assume that Goldberg thought he could serve the cause of peace in accepting the appointment. He is in a position to influence policy to a degree that Adlai Stevenson was not. If he merely reads the kind of drivel Washington furnishes him, he will contribute neither to the cause of peace nor to his own reputation. He is, as Eric Sevareid says, a man of character and proper pride. Let him show it, for only so can he serve his country and himself.

The Crackdown

Dissent is not for milquetoasts. In our time, dissent is especially prohibited when it touches on any of the fighting wars which spring from the cold war. It does not matter how respectable the dissenter has previously been: the instant he finds anything wrong with U.S. policy in Vietnam or, more broadly, anywhere abroad, the crackdown begins.

Over the past several years, Martin Luther King has added luster to the dissenting tradition, as his great namesake did before him. Actually, his dissent was not so much antagonistic to accepted views as a reaffirmation of the principles of the Declaration of Independence in respect of race. Actually, also, Dr. King is a most moderate leader of the Negro people, and a restraining influence in the face of almost intolerable affronts and injuries. Except among homicidal racists, he has been regarded with tolerance even by segregationists, and with admiration by most others.

But this tolerance did not, for the most part, extend beyond Dr. King's civil rights activities. When he applied his doctrine of nonviolence to Vietnam, and spoke out against the Johnson Administration's policies (as well as against violence on the part of the North Vietnamese and the National Liberation Front), he was deluged by threatening editorials and cartoons, and by slanted news stories. Included among the admonitions was one from his good friend in the White House, who never resents dissent except when it is directed his way.

The case of Senator Fulbright, for all the differences between him and Dr. King, is in the same style. Mr. Fulbright is that rarity among politicians — a thinker and prophet. He is, if anything, too modest; he says himself that he is not a "powerful personality," a disclaimer which, coming from a politician, is almost unprecedented. Among his personal virtues is an acute sense of the value of dissent. In his recent speech on the American big-stick policy in the Caribbean, he succeeded momentarily in undoing, to some degree, the harm that had been caused by our initial intervention in the Dominican Republic. But his critics, by way of public rebuke, proceeded to push Resolu-

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tion 560 through the House by a vote of 312 to 52. The resolution affirms the right of unilateral military intervention by any Western Hemisphere nation into the internal affairs of any other nation in the Western Hemisphere if, in the sole opinion of the intervener, Communists are involved. Adoption of the resolution promptly raised an even greater protest than this magazine had anticipated (see comments in last week's issue). Initially, neither the State Department nor the White House had opposed the resolution; later, after an informal poll of Latin American embassies, a last-minute effort was made by the Administration to stop the resolution which it had tacitly encouraged. Now the Administration is attempting—with an assist from Senator Javits and others—to repair some of the added damage caused by the ill-tempered and ill-advised rebuke to Senator Fulbright.

When it comes to dissent, neither prominence nor obscurity affords much protection. Although he is well known in California, few Easterners have heard of Si Casady, a former newspaper editor who presently heads the California Democratic Council, composed of some 75,000 of the farthest-left Democrats of the state. Casady has been going about California attacking the Vietnamese war, in the words of *Time*, as "legally, morally and politically indefensible." That might have got by, at least for a while, but Casady went on to tell audiences: "It takes more guts to burn a draft card than to go to war. Some people have the guts to stand and say, 'We will not fight for what we don't believe.'"

The storm broke. Even Governor Pat Brown, who is often praised in these pages, thought Casady had gone too far. Acknowledging Casady's right to speak for himself, he demanded his resignation as president of the council. Casady, after a "family blood-bath" meeting of the council's board of directors, refused. According to Carl Greenberg of the *Los Angeles Times*, President Johnson had already taken umbrage at Casady's speeches and might have communicated with Governor Brown before the latter acted. It does not matter too much. The dissenter must expect trouble, and the time when he should worry about his views is not when he is criticized, but when he is praised by the majority and its leaders. The majority is not always wrong, but it is always wrong when it attempts to stifle dissent.

Sugar Stick-up

In speeches delivered in the House on September 22 and 27, Rep. Paul Findley (R., Ill.) called attention to one of the more flagrant outrages perpetrated on the American consumer. The domestic price of sugar is in effect fixed by act of Congress or, more accurately, by one very special Congressman, Rep. Harold D. Cooley (D., N.C.), Chairman of the House Agriculture Committee. Findley estimates that the latest sugar legislation sponsored by Cooley would cost American households $3.5 billion in excessive charges over the next five years. What Cooley prescribes is also of great importance in U.S. foreign relations, particularly in Latin America. It is equally important to the sugar lobbyists, who are paid up to $50,000 a year by their clients and who work with Cooley to rig the market, all with perfect legality and for the most pious reasons: to "stabilize" the price of sugar, to punish the cold-war enemies of the United States and reward its friends, and to keep domestic sugar producers prosperous and happy.

The mechanics of sugar manipulation have been described in past issues of *The Nation* by Desmond Smith, Boris Swerling and Fred J. Cook, but the lobbyists and their friends in Congress have continued on their own sweet way. The U.S. sugar market is controlled by the Secretary of Agriculture, but the enabling legislation is renewed every year by Congress. The legislation is extremely complex (perhaps more complex than it needs to be) and it normally comes before the House late in the session. Most members have neither the background nor the inclination to inform themselves on the technicalities of the sugar industry. It is much easier to defer to Mr. Cooley's knowledge and experience, both of which are considerable. Mr. Findley's revolt is exceptional. Usually the legislation goes through smoothly, and no one is the worse for it except the consumers.

The stakes are enormous. The world price of sugar is more than 3c a pound less than the U.S. price. At retail, also, a consumer across the line in Canada pays 8c a pound, on this side of the line 11c. This may seem a trifle, but the United States consumes 10 million tons of sugar annually, of which 4 million tons come from abroad. Thus when even a minor suppliant like Thailand obtains a 20,000-ton quota, it is $1,200,000 better off than if it had to sell that quantity on the world market. Whether it gets the quota depends on its lobbyist, on Representative Cooley, and on technicians in the Department of Agriculture, whose advice Cooley may accept or reject as he sees fit.

Of course the other members of Cooley's House Agriculture Committee may also have something to say but, as Chairman, Cooley has somewhat the same status that Rep. Carl Vinson had in the House Armed Services Committee. Thus when Findley tried to direct questions at sugar-lobbyist fees, Cooley summarily overruled him. It was no one's business, Cooley said, on what terms the lobbyist worked for his client.

The rationale of the sugar program has always been that it creates "price stability." So it does. Findley points out that if prices are fixed at a high enough level, stability is automatically achieved—as in any racket or conspiracy in restraint of trade. Findley is not opposed to reasonable regulation in sugar, any more than in other agricultural commodities, but he wants to end one-man domination of the Agriculture Committee and the exploitation of the public by acquiescent Congressmen and the sugar lobby. He deserves the support of Congressmen whose interest in their constituents is not limited to securing their votes.

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One World

In 1916, David Sarnoff, then 25, submitted a memorandum on a proposed "radio music box" to his superiors in the Marconi Wireless Telegraph Company of America. The company officials, though already aware of Sarnoff's ability, considered this scheme so harebrained that they did not bother to reply. They had second thoughts in 1921, when broadcasting burst upon the Radio Corporation of America, which by that time had absorbed the Marconi Company. Within a few years RCA's sales of broadcast receivers had eclipsed its marine and transoceanic wireless telegraph business, and in another few years Sarnoff was president of the company.

Last September 17, Sarnoff, now 74, delivered an address at the Conference on World Peace Through Law on "Law, World-Wide Communications and World Peace," which people familiar with his career consider fully as prognostic as his radio music box idea. We are already in the era of satellite communications, but heretofore the experts have surmised that intercontinental television would continue to require elaborate facilities like those of the Communications Satellite Corporation, which would channel picture and sound to the TV networks for distribution to home receivers. Thus governments and giant corporations would decide what the viewers in each country could see and hear—and what they were not to see and hear.

Sarnoff, who naturally has access to the latest technical advice, now tells us that this is not the way it is going to be. Within five or ten years, he believes, nuclear-powered satellites will transmit TV and radio programs directly to home receivers. Only the home antennas will require modification, and that presents neither technical nor economic problems. It may be added that with the waves coming in at a steep angle there should be less difficulty with "ghosts" than with the present system, where tall buildings, bridges, etc., often cause multiple images.

But it is the political implications that are most disconcerting, or exciting, depending on the viewpoint. Sarnoff asks: "When, for example, a Russian satellite can broadcast directly to a Kansas farm, or an American satellite can broadcast directly to a Hungarian collective, what will be the reaction in both countries? . . . What rules of conduct are to apply, and who is to establish them? This question evades the jurisdiction of any established body, yet it will affect the welfare of all nations and all people." He adds that "it would be a travesty on the hopes of humanity if this immense force for enlightenment, understanding and social advancement were to be subverted to narrow national ends, or become discredited by the failure of nations to agree upon its beneficial uses."

Not so long ago, Sarnoff's views on the cold war were indistinguishable from those of John Foster Dulles. At the request of President Eisenhower, he prepared a report on psychological warfare measures, using existing means of communication which, had they been applied, could only have worsened U.S.-Soviet relations. Now, both the forum he selected and the tone and content of the address indicate a more sober frame of mind. Sarnoff envisions summit conferences, scrambled or open, in which the principals would confer face to face without leaving their respective capitals, television by the United Nations, international educational programing and, in general, areas of communication designed to "strike a chord of response in civilized man regardless of his nationality or ideological allegiance." For the moment, at least, world peace has supplanted the cold war in Sarnoff's thinking. The outlook for the survival of mankind would be more hopeful if peace should become for him a lasting preoccupation, and if other powerful industrialists and politicians were to follow his lead.

A Presidential Front

On September 9, a handsome advertisement appeared in *The New York Times* and other newspapers announcing the formation of a new *ad hoc* committee —the Committee for an Effective and Durable Peace in Asia, with Arthur H. Dean as chairman. The list of sponsors—Dean Acheson, Eugene R. Black, James B. Conant, John Cowles, Thomas S. Gates, Roswell L. Gilpatric, John J. McCloy, David Rockefeller, and other equally well-known names—reads like an executive committee for the Establishment. And that, it turns out, is what it is. Thanks to Louis Fleming of the *Los Angeles Times*, it is now known that the committee was set up at the behest of the President "as an answer to numerous peace-front groups that have been attacking American involvement in Vietnam."

One would think that the Administration, in possession of almost unlimited access, at all times, to all media, had been given the fullest possible opportunity to state its case to the public. But apparently the President is not satisfied with these facilities. Just how the new committee is to be classified in the spectrum of "fronts" is not clear. It could perhaps be called a "war-front group" or "an anti-peace group" or, more accurately, a "Presidential front." Formation of the new committee is proof, if any were needed, that the decision makers in Washington are sensitive to the teach-ins and other forms of public protest and discussion of the war in Vietnam.

The Marines Have Had It

It used to be that every patriotic American was proud of the U.S. Marines, their ability to bring law and order to small, irresponsible Caribbean countries and to collect the just debts due American corporations. Boys could hardly wait to grow up so that they could join the Corps, see the world, and kill a few insolent foreigners. Although not all of this magic has been lost, the Marines are being overshadowed by the Central Intelligence Agency, whose members, though not clad in splendid uniforms, live lives of hair-raising adventure. The fact that these activities are secret (until

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they become public) only makes them the more intriguing. We get but fleeting glimpses behind the CIA curtain, but these are enough to assure us that (1) the CIA is everywhere; (2) the CIA can do anything; (3) the CIA is the chief bulwark of the United States against the jackals of communism.

Iran, Guatemala, Vietnam, Cambodia, Cuba, Ceylon, Singapore and other CIA battlegrounds are now joined by Pakistan, and who will be next? The Pakistan story is told, front page, in the *Daily Telegraph* of London, which is noted for the excellence and reliability of its foreign news coverage. The writer is Victor Anant, and the story lacks a dateline, because Anant obtained his material in New Delhi and had to make a getaway before he could cable it uncensored. Anant's account, in his own words, describes "not so much America's commitment to India, but the State Department's urgent desire to cut President Ayub Khan down to size."

To this end, in September, 1963, the CIA stepped up its operations in Pakistan, giving aid to the campaign of Miss Fatima Jinnah, who ran against Ayub Khan in the election of 1964. After Miss Jinnah's defeat, the CIA people in Pakistan seemingly made overtures to the one-time Governor of East Pakistan, General Azam, but without success. However, it was regarded as imperative to punish Field Marshal Ayub for his *rapprochement* with Red China, and the opportunity came when the India-Pakistan dispute over Kashmir reached the flash point. According to Anant, the CIA group informed New Delhi that a *coup d'état* was imminent in Pakistan, that Ayub Khan would soon be deposed, that Pakistan was preparing an attack in Kashmir, etc.

This meddling may well have hardened Indian determination to fight over Kashmir, and later, to open a second front. Anant says it is clear that the Indians had reason to believe that the United States "would not disapprove of a measured spread of the fighting." He also cites Prime Minister Shastri's remark that India was now in the same position in Kashmir as the United States in Vietnam, and his answer to a question on what he would do if the Chinese invaded India: "We have considered that possibility. If that happens we will not be alone." This could mean only that Shastri relied upon American aid in a form much more decisive than was forthcoming when the Chinese invaded India in 1962.

Our State Department promptly denied that it had possessed knowledge of an impending coup in Pakistan or that it had given such information to the Indian Government. Such denials are routine. They have been proved false so often that the CIA, rather than being held innocent until proved guilty, can be assumed to be guilty of any charges made against it by any person of repute, such as Prince Norodom Sihanouk of Cambodia, Prime Minister Lee Kuan Yew of Singapore or, in this case, Victor Anant. As *Peace News* of London (September 17) puts it: "The CIA is probably the most dangerous organization in the world, its only saving element being an infinite capacity for blunder." From time to time Sen. Stephen M. Young of Ohio makes the same accusation on the floor of the Senate, terming the CIA an invisible government, answerable only to itself, and calling for supervision of its activities and, specifically, for a return to its original mission of centralizing the collection and evaluation of intelligence material. But though probably a majority in both houses of Congress secretly agree, few members will stand up and say so. The prospect is, therefore, that the derring-do boys in their Ivy League suits will continue their careers of high adventure.

The Expulsion of Singapore . . . . C. P. FitzGerald

Canberra, Australia

The abrupt announcement in mid-August that Singapore had been excluded from the Malaysian Federation and become, overnight, an independent state, left the world and its press in some confusion. It was far from clear at first whether this was secession, expulsion or mutually agreed withdrawal. It is now all too evident that it was, in fact, expulsion. Tunku Abdur Rahman, Prime Minister of Malaysia, came back from the Commonwealth Conference in London and simply told Mr. Lee Kuan Yew, Premier of Singapore, that his state must go. In subsequent explanations of this unilateral decision it was made plain that the real cause was the Tunku's fear that if Singapore, predominantly Chinese, remained in the federation, the extreme Malay nationalists could no longer be controlled and would press upon the Prime Minister policies leading swiftly to racial conflict between Chinese and Malays. The amputation of Singapore, it was hoped, would alleviate this pressure and deprive the extremists of their principal weapon—the constant denunciation of the Prime Minister of Singapore, and their dangerous clamor for acts of physical coercion against him and his supporters. Up to a point this aim was achieved. Dato Syed Albar, leader of the extreme party, resigned in anger his post as secretary of the United Malay National Organization (UMNO), the Malay party in the government coalition, and bitterly denounced his leader, the Tunku, for getting rid of his favorite whipping boy. A Malay of aristocratic descent, the Tunku perhaps comforts himself with the reflection that Albar is not even a Malay, but a man of Arab ancestry born in the Celebes, who did not migrate to Malaya till he was 30. Lee Kuan Yew did not fail to bring these facts to public notice in a television interview, pointing out

C. P. FitzGerald teaches Far Eastern history at Australian National University. He is the author, most recently, of The Third China *(F. W. Cheshire, Ltd.). His other works on the country where he lived for twenty-five years include* China: A Short Cultural History *and* Floodtide in China.

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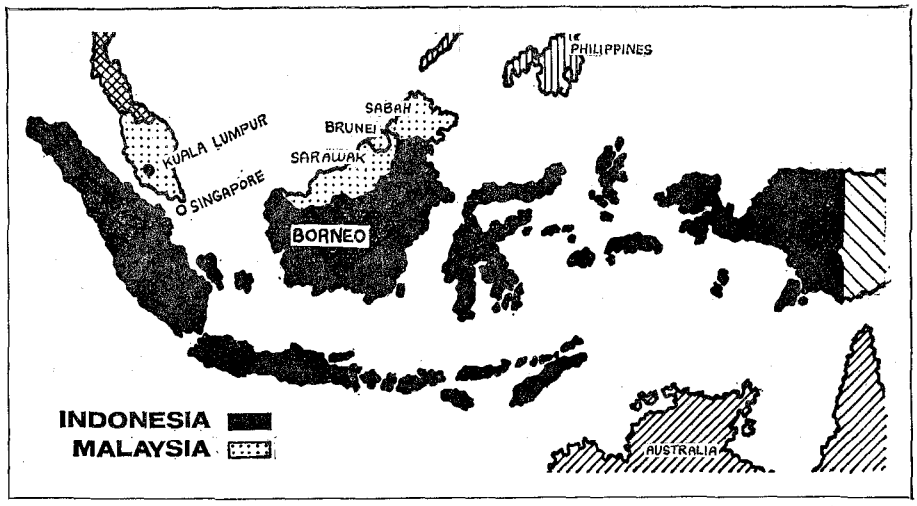
that he, on the contrary, came from a family that had been settled in Singapore for more than a century.

After the first recriminations, it has become clear that neither Malaysia nor Singapore wishes to pursue the quarrel to the bitter end. Singapore was promptly recognized as a sovereign state by Britain, the United States and other powers, but as yet by no means all the Afro-Asian states have followed suit. The attitude of Indonesia, above all, remains ambivalent. The reaction in Singapore, which was one of rejoicing, with firecracker celebrations in the streets when the news was made known, was at least in part inspired by the belief that independent Singapore could escape from the quarrel with Indonesia (which could henceforward be left to "Malaysia") and resume its profitable trade with Java, Sumatra and the outer islands. Mr. Lee soon showed that this was too simple an assessment of the new situation. He cannot, under present circumstances, follow a foreign policy which Malaysia would regard as positively hostile. He must at least feel sure that Indonesia has ceased to make raids and clandestine attacks upon Singapore itself, hitherto a conspicuous feature of "confrontation." But it may be assumed that Singapore will seek to appease the quarrel and use what influence it has to restore normal relations.

Another question arising from the exclusion of Singapore is whether this event does not represent a victory for President Sukarno's policy of "confrontation" and its aim, to "crush Malaysia." Certainly the Indonesians have made this claim, arguing that the expulsion of Singapore proves their contention that Malaysia was an artificial creation of incongruous elements which should never have been associated, which were forcibly united only by the "neo-colonial imperialists" (British, in this instance) as an instrument of their nefarious policies. They predict, and expect, that the next break will come in Borneo, where the states of Sarawak and Sabah, also non-Malay, though not dominantly Chinese in population, will soon break away. That the Malays in Kuala Lumpur share this prediction is clear from the vehemence with which the Tunku has proclaimed its utter impossibility and from his



Harry Moss

somewhat premature claim that any such talk was "treason." It can truly be thought that the association of Sarawak and Sabah in Malaysia, originally designed to compensate for the inclusion of dominantly Chinese Singapore, has lost its purpose. There was some economic link between Singapore and the Borneo lands; there is almost none between peninsula Malaya and these countries. The chief remaining function of the federation for the Borneo states is to provide a political framework within which British and Australian military assistance can be provided to resist Indonesian infiltration. Britain is pledged to defend Malaysia against these attacks; if Sarawak and Sabah were no longer part of Malaysia, this pledge might be rendered invalid, or at least would need to be reconsidered. Britain is pressed by financial problems and many influential people there would not be sorry to find a reason for getting out of this onerous commitment.

On the other hand it is not at all clear that Indonesia does gain anything from the exclusion of Singapore, even if this were really a result of confrontation. Mr. Lee knows that Sukarno and his supporters regard the British naval base at Singapore as the chief bastion of the hated neo-colonialism in Southeast Asia; he also knows that the base is of the highest importance to the economy of Singapore; it employs large numbers of citizens of the new state at good wages, brings in welcome money and stimulates commerce. Moreover, whatever the past sins of British imperialism, it is a fact that as long as the British are in the Singapore base the Indonesians cannot hope to crush either Singapore or even peninsula Malaysia. Mr. Lee, in his television interview, reminded the public that the armed forces of the state of Singapore were but two battalions—one of which is in any case still in Borneo fighting Indonesian infiltration. He did, at the same time, gently remind the Western peoples that the population of his country was as numerous as that of New Zealand. Singapore has no intention of becoming the pawn of President Sukarno, and it is also very doubtful that its able leaders have any inclination to seek new alliances in other quarters.

But the real cause of the rupture between Singapore and peninsula Malaya was not confrontation, but the underlying tension between Malays and Chinese which had built up for many years, but which was of no political significance as long as both peoples were equally under British colonial rule. Nineteenth-century laissez faire may have been good for business, but it was bad for future race relations. Malaya needed willing and industrious workers: the Malays were peasant farmers, or their aristocratic masters. The Chinese were glad to come and work at running the village shop, tin mining, rubber planting, distribution, transport, banking, wharf labor and every other urban occupation. Thus was built up a race pattern wherein the Malays retained the land and lived mainly on it, the Chinese built up and inhabited the cities, dominating the economy, while the British reserved to themselves all real political power and the biggest of big business. With the withdrawal of British rule, and once the Communist insurrection had been sup-

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pressed, Malays and Chinese were left face to face. Singapore was at first not part of the new Federation of Malaya, lest its overwhelming Chinese population and economic importance should dominate the new state. When it became clear that this separation was inconvenient and possibly dangerous, Malaysia was created with the addition of the Borneo states to balance the Chinese in Singapore. But the tensions were not eliminated by this political carpentry.

The Chinese are not only in Singapore but, up to a 40 per cent minority, in peninsula Malaya also. They are there in great numbers in the cities, such as Kuala Lumpur, the capital; Penang, the main port; Ipoh and Taiping, the tin mining centers. They are politically represented by the Malayan Chinese Association, one of the two partners in the coalition government. But this party mainly represents the rich businessmen, the tin-mining millionaires and the tycoons of commerce. The poorer Chinese, the laborers and the urban petty bourgeois, had little influence in the M.C.A. and were often without the vote, being immigrants, although of long standing. After the formation of Malaysia, the Peoples Action Party of Singapore, Mr. Lee Kuan Yew's party, started to operate in the peninsula states, and although at first it made slight headway, its avowed aim was to create a popular party which would challenge the coalition of Malay aristocracy and Chinese wealth which comprised the federal government. The Chinese, by virtue of their occupations and their derivation from poor immigrants over the past century, are urban, progressive, a relatively classless society; the Malays are conservative, either aristocratic landowners or poor and often illiterate peasants. They have no tradition of, and little aptitude for, business, commerce or industry. Thus social as well as racial tension has undermined the new federation, and bids fair to continue as the chief problem of the peninsula after Singapore has been excluded. This situation was only marginally connected with Indonesian confrontation, and not at all with the problem of communism.

The exclusion of Singapore promises very little for the peninsula part of the Malaysian Federation except, perhaps, a temporary relaxation of political pressures. For Singapore it could mean much more. The aim of the Peoples Action Party, the government, is to create a truly multiracial society in the island. The party includes several prominent non-Chinese: Indians, Ceylonese and others of the numerous small minorities which settled under colonial rule in the prosperous port city. The Chinese are at least 80 per cent of the population, so cannot be challenged by any other group. Strength gives tolerance: it is not true that such communities retain all the characteristics of the nations from which their ancestors came. The Chinese are from many parts of south China, and speak several different dialects. They came from underprivileged families in a neglected, politically unimportant region of the old Chinese empire. They have become prosperous and in many cases very wealthy in their new country. They look upon it as their home, while retaining a pride of race and traditional attachment to the old country. Their attitudes in this respect closely resemble those of Anglo-Saxon peoples such as Australians and New Zealanders, long established in distant lands but still sharing the old culture and having many links with the old homeland. Indians tend to shed the more restrictive practices of caste once they settle in Malaya or Singapore, and though Moslems of Arab or Indian descent retain their religion, they are not identified with the Moslem Malays. Many Chinese, large numbers of south Indians, Eurasians and others are Christian. Malaya, and in particular Singapore, has been a melting pot in which, although the various races have not fused to form a new people, they have rubbed off the sharp edges of their national cultures. It is for these reasons that Singapore has a better chance to evolve a truly equal-status, multiracial community than seems yet to be possible on the mainland.

Such is the ideal which is followed, sometimes with insufficient tact, by Prime Minister Lee Kuan Yew. His trouble with the Malays of Kuala Lumpur arose principally from the single-mindedness with which he proclaimed the doctrine that in Malaysia there should be only Malaysians—not Malays and others. A man of brilliant gifts, with an outstanding academic record in his own country and later at Cambridge, he has the handicap of being unable to suffer fools gladly —or in silence. Several years ago, when still the leader of an unrecognized movement under the colonial regime, his mordant criticism and pungent comment on the ruling authorities won him their dislike and almost fear. They then used to comfort themselves with the belief that Lee Kuan Yew and his supporters were "men of straw": ten years later the British in Singapore were very glad to see such solid bricks made from this straw, a wall which they recognized was the best, perhaps the only, sound defense against the progress of communism in the island city.

Yet no one has up to now really contemplated the problems and the possible perils of an independent Singapore. It was denied this status when Malaya became fully independent, because it was feared that Singapore could not stand alone, and might succumb to Communist influence. Malaysia seemed to be the answer, and the Peoples Action Party fully accepted this solution. It has now been rejected by the Malays, so abruptly, and with so little consultation among the other members of the British Commonwealth, that it is necessary to conclude that this was an act of impulse, a yielding to pressure.

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The question remains whether, since the deed is now done, the dangers of an independent Singapore are as fearful as they seemed to be a few years ago. Whether Singapore is viable economically is yet uncertain, but it probably is, if no unnatural restraint is put upon its trade and developing industry. The political stability of the new state may seem more in doubt, but the P.A.P. holds a commanding majority of the electorate, has to its credit great achievements in the field of housing and social welfare for the poor and working class, and has won the respect, if not always the affection, of the business community. But Singapore is more than a great commercial city and port of call; it is also the strategic key to the eastern seas, a position manifested by the naval base, held under agreement by the British and also used by Australian forces in the region. In the view of military experts no other base could replace Singapore: if the British cannot use this stronghold, they cannot operate effectively in Southeast Asia. Neither Malaysia nor the Borneo states could be defended without Singapore. It is also more and more generally realized that a base in a country which feels hostility to the foreign power which uses the base is probably nearly useless. Cyprus showed this fact, and Aden now underlines it. Is independent Singapore going to be tolerant of the British in the base, or gradually grow hostile to its continuance?

There is no doubt that in Britain a large number of people feel that the burden of Eastern commitments is too heavy. There was a distinct tendency at the news of Singapore's expulsion from Malaysia to suggest that the time had come to reconsider the whole problem and to contemplate withdrawal. Many politicians of all parties feel that it will be increasingly difficult to justify to their electors the great expense of maintaining British forces in these distant countries when the people concerned seem at best indifferent to British interests, and frequently opposed to them. It is in this context that the remarks made by Lee Kuan Yew, so sharp in tone toward the United States, must be interpreted. Singapore, he said, would never permit the Americans to use the base. If the British went, then no other power, least of all America, should have it. He added a number of criticisms of American policy and attitudes in east Asia; these may represent his feelings, but they also served to put him on the path of grace in the eyes of many of his Asian neighbors. It may be suggested, though, that this was the sauce: the meat was the threat directed against Britain's disposition to cast off its burden; if you go, we will not let you pass the responsibility, and the base, to America, so you had better understand that you must stay. It is also true that Britain in the base is a very good guarantee of Singapore's safety from Indonesian threats and Malay pressures. So the British were told that their past sins were forgiven, if not forgotten.

The future of the Borneo states, Sarawak and Sabah, remains far from clear. These relatively undeveloped and poor countries were brought into Malaysia both to balance the numbers of the Singapore Chinese, and because it was thought that they were too weak to form a new state of their own. This opinion was not shared by the 30 per cent Chinese minority in Sarawak, who had expected and hoped to become the dominant community in a Sarawak once more independent. They opposed entry into Malaysia from the first, and their left wing has actively cooperated with the Indonesian infiltrators along the frontier. Now that Singapore has been excluded, they ask (and not only the Chinese ask this) why, if Singapore can be expelled from the federation to suit the politics of Kuala Lumpur, they should be told, almost in the same breath, that Sarawak and Sabah can in no circumstances contemplate withdrawing, and that it is "treason," as the Tunku put it, to suggest such a change. To many it seems more logical and quite proper to question the arrangements which governed their accession to the federation, now that its constitution is so radically altered, and at least to state a claim for reconsideration and revision of these provisions. There are also strong doubts that the far-off Borneo states, no longer politically important as a counterweight to Singapore, will receive in the future much care or consideration from the Malay nationalists in Kuala Lumpur, especially if the successor to the present Prime Minister should prove to be a man of narrower outlook.

One possibility which has been mooted is that Brunei, the smallest of the Borneo States but rich in oil, which refused to come into Malaysia, could now become the focus for a new North Borneo Federation. Its oil revenues would underpin the new state and historical tradition supports the idea, for long ago Brunei (from which the word Borneo is derived) was the overlord of all the north coast of the great island. So far, it seems that this suggestion meets with no response from Brunei and is dismissed as subversion by Kuala Lumpur.

Though it is certain that Indonesian confrontation was not the first or even a major cause of the divorce between Singapore and Malaysia, it is far from certain that the result of that change will not be victory for confrontation: it may lead to that fragmentation of the Malaysian Federation which Sukarno so ardently desires. If Borneo becomes so restive that it can be held in the federation only by force, it is not at all plain who is expected to provide this power. The British and the Australians are unlikely to exercise on behalf of the Malays a role which they would not undertake for their own account. If opposition to Kuala Lumpur took the form of Communist insurrection, they might do so, though with widely expanded misgivings; if the opposition were nationalist it would command sympathy and there would be very strong opposition to the use of British and Australian forces to suppress it. Yet unless these forces were so employed there is nothing which the government in Kuala Lumpur could effectively do to intervene. These are the circumstances in which Indonesia could very well score the triumph in Borneo which it can hardly hope for in Malaya or in Singapore.

The Chinese are the one people in Southeast Asia upon whom the creation of an independent state of Singapore may have lasting and profound effects. In the whole region, from Burma to the Philippines, they number about 14 million: a people with a cohesive racial identity, a common culture, a shared way of life, but without a country or a common nationality. Like the Jews in past times, a Chinese in Southeast Asia could always be recognized to be a Chinese, but

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he was nonetheless a national of the state in which he lived, and very often a second-class citizen in that country. Singapore could change this situation. Here, for the first time, is a Chinese-ruled and inhabited country in Southeast Asia. Small, no doubt, but wealthy, advanced and economically powerful. Its government has no links either with the Communist mainland of China or the Nationalist regime in Taiwan. It could be the nucleus of the "Third China"—and by its very independent existence give a status and security to all Chinese in Southeast Asia which they have hitherto lacked, just as the creation of the state of Israel has raised and secured the position of Jews all over the world. There are dangers as well as advantages in this prospect; in many countries of Southeast Asia the Chinese community is both unpopular and suffers from discriminatory legislation. In some countries these chauvinist policies could be strengthened by the fear that the local Chinese community was turning to Singapore for guidance and protection. On the other hand, the economic power of Singapore will make it a state worth respecting and conciliating. The Tunku's hasty decision to excise Singapore from Malaysia will prove to have injected a new and unpredictable element into the already complex mixture of Southeast Asian affairs.

Mississippi

SUMMER OF DISCONTENT

Elizabeth Sutherland

"Mississippi has changed from a reality to an abstraction," said Curtis Hayes, who was McComb Project director last summer. Not that there still isn't plenty of nonabstract hunger and bombs and suffering. But to someone comparing the feel of summer 1964 with the present, this made sense.

Mississippi today seems less a battleground between good and evil, and more a labyrinth where none of the possible paths is a sure way out. It has become fashionable and squabbled-over, almost like Africa in the 19th century. Politicking has nearly outmoded heroism, and the symbol of the Philadelphia martyrs has given way to a huge, curling question mark.

A host of new forces is now operating in the state, with LBJ humming *We Shall Overcome* in the background. The federal government came into the picture this past summer with a million dollars for Operation Headstart, an anti-poverty program to prepare underprivileged children (mostly Negro) for primary school. At about the same time, the National Democratic Party sought to forestall the Mississippi Freedom Democratic Party by helping to set up the Mississippi Democratic Conference with Negro leaders unsympathetic to the MFDP, plus liberal white Mississippians. On the junior level, a successful fight has been waged to prevent the charter of the Young Democratic Club from falling into the hands of a new, integrated group allied to the MFDP.

The National Council of Churches (NCC) set up a new division, the Delta Ministry, working in two areas. The ministry was conceived last year, with the idea of improving economic conditions in Mississippi. At one point it was considered a means of containing what some considered the overly radical, anti-compromise influence of MFDP and SNCC. This year, the Delta Ministry has spent most of its resources aiding the cotton choppers and tractor drivers of the new Freedom Labor Union who struck for higher wages.

The base of operations for the Delta Ministry was the Mt. Beulah Conference Center, located in the small town of Edwards about 20 miles from Jackson. The Mt. Beulah campus has been the focus of activity for a surprising variety of organizations. It has served as headquarters for Operation Headstart and has also been host to meetings of the MFDP, whose Congressional challenge the NCC has supported. At one point, Washington ordered Headstart moved to an area less contaminated by the civil rights movement; Headstart's staff threatened to resign en masse, and the program stayed at Mt. Beulah.

Meanwhile, white Mississippi changed some but not all of its bad habits. Outside the front entrance to the Panola County Clinic, in the northern part of the state, a stack of discarded signs lies on the porch floor. They say "White Entrance" and "Colored Entrance," and it was good to see them gathering dust in the sunlight. In Jackson, an interracial couple told of shopping in a white supermarket without harassment or hostile stares; whites even chatted with them in a casual, friendly way. But that same week a white Jackson minister was shot for the mildest of civil rights activity. In Gulfport, on the tourist coast, a Negro assigned to test restaurants complained of so much compliance that he had had to eat seventeen full dinners in one day, but another Negro was refused service and almost beaten up when he ordered a hamburger. Among "responsible" whites, the prevalent attitude seemed to be that expressed in a sign at a drive-in; it had read

Elizabeth Sutherland, editor of Letters from Mississippi *(McGraw-Hill) traveled recently in Mississippi, Louisiana, Alabama and Tennessee. She directs the office of the Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee in New York.*

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PRIVATELY OWNED BUSINESS — WE RESERVE THE RIGHT TO REFUSE SERVICE TO ANYONE but was bitterly scrawled over to say ONCE WAS A PRIVATELY OWNED BUSINESS—WE HAVE NO RIGHT TO REFUSE SERVICE TO ANYONE.

Up in Cleveland, Miss., the Holiday Inn motel gave a room without question to two women, one of them Negro, when they arrived at night. At breakfast, however, the manager came to their table before they had ordered and demanded immediate payment for a long-distance call completed only five minutes earlier. Questioned, he explained that the procedure was normal "for particular people"—but said he did not mean Negroes, he meant "single women." When the women refused to pay at once, he moved to call the police. His anguished Southern soul had compelled him to indulge in harassment—but with a sharp eye on what was now legal.

Thus Mississippi finds itself gripped by the confusion and tension of new forces at work. Daily life is not improved; the "new South" is still almost invisible. In the counties where there are federal registrars (nine out of eighty-two) voter registration has generally gone well, but how much will that change? As with school integration, the burden is on the Negro to go register—and risk his child's neck or his own. Civil rights workers feel frustrated. The extreme danger which often bound them together in 1964 is lacking now; security systems have dissolved. At the same time, a number of local Negroes have died under sinister circumstances, but the Justice Department says it can do nothing "unless it's a civil rights case." In this atmosphere of fragmented reality, the movement searches for a grip on the future.

Beginning last March, cotton choppers went on strike in a succession of delta areas, seeking $1.25 an hour instead of the standard $3 for a 10-to-12-hour day. Tractor drivers demanded raises from $5 to $12 per day. The decision to strike was sometimes taken at a meeting (but rarely, if ever, by formal vote); sometimes a group would simply not show up for work and others would then join them. Strikes have failed because adequate measures were not taken to supply the participants' needs. But the idea spread

quickly from the delta to McComb, where Holiday Inn maids making 39c an hour walked out (to be replaced by others at the same wage), and to other states. The birth of the Mississippi Freedom Labor Union caught the imagination of Americans everywhere who had always felt that the vote was no cure-all.

There are two versions of how it all started. A representative of the Delta Ministry in Greenville has stated that the strikes originated in the small settlement of Tribbett when he went there with gifts to distribute last Christmas and found the people had not been reached by civil rights workers. They began to talk and out of this came the decision of several tractor drivers to strike. But according to George Shelton, state president of the MFLU, the strike began on the Seligmann plantation near the small, depressed town of Shaw. A Freedom School class had finished reading Howard Fast's *Freedom Road* and began to talk about what could be done to improve their living conditions. A number of cotton choppers then struck.

At one point, 1,000 to 3,000 persons were not working. Today in Tribbett, five large tents with wooden floors stand in a field behind a little store; these are to house the eight families thrown off their land who form the hard core of strikers there. A sign nearby proclaims STRIKE CITY—LOCAL NO. 4, MFLU. No one seems to know why this is No. 4, or where are 1, 2 and 3, but the encampment has clearly been readied for a long siege. A total of 300 workers intend to stay on strike through the winter and an all-out effort is planned for the spring.

The grim truth is that by 1966 many choppers will probably have been made obsolete by chemical spraying, and many pickers by machines. "The whole delta would strike tomorrow," said a SNCC worker in Shaw, "if they knew there would be something to eat. But they don't."

Although small increases have been granted in some areas, the MFLU demand for $1.25 an hour instead of $3 a day is hopeless if human hands are no longer needed. For this reason, some people in the movement believe that the issue is not wages but land ownership. Curtis Hayes, a former SNCC staffer, is investigating the possibility of buying a large chunk of plantation land with the aid of a government grant and setting up a communal operation based on an Israeli model. Sharecroppers thrown off their land for striking would be given a tract for agricultural or small business use. Hayes talks about raising half a million dollars privately, to be matched by a government grant.

This kind of thinking may surprise people who have known SNCC, the pioneer organization in Mississippi, as distrustful of the federal government and suspicious of money which may have strings attached. But they overlook SNCC's diversity of viewpoint and the experimental spirit of many SNCC workers.

The fact is that white Mississippi

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has been driving the Negro out of the state. This has been going on for years, but now the pace seems to have accelerated. The radio carries a stream of announcements about domestic jobs in the North. On the plantations, machines are pushing Negroes off the land.

Last month, a more subtle way of forcing emigration emerged when school integration began. In Tallahatchie County, and a number of others, a Negro child who did not have at least one parent living in the state could not transfer to the formerly all-white public school this fall without paying "tuition" which ran as high as $263. This cuts out the hundreds, if not thousands, of children whose parents have moved to the North for better jobs, leaving their young with relatives. The relatives pay taxes, but no matter. A child can be adopted, but when the relative goes to take out papers he finds that the fee runs around $100. The only choice left is to send the child to his parents or have him continue at the Negro public school. But here comes the final twist: if the child is not living with a parent or legal guardian, he must now pay tuition to attend the Negro school! Such fees run from $100 to $275 in Amite County, a rural area where good jobs are hard to find and adults often leave for work elsewhere. They may send money to support their children, but they cannot afford such tuition fees. Thus the white authorities penalize the Negro child and drive Negroes from the state. The more who leave, the less trouble for the whites—and a lot can leave before the supply of maids and janitors runs out.

The Negro's economic situation is desperate; new jobs must be created, sustenance provided. And so the black Mississippians talk more about getting jobs with Operation Headstart than about voting. All across the state, people grasp for ways to create work that pays and ways to get more for their work. A new okra cooperative in Batesville (the only legal co-ops in Mississippi are agricultural) aims to cut out the white middleman; a new sewing firm has sprung up in Canton, another in Indianola. This is not an entirely new development; Ruleville has had a quilting group for several years. But the proliferation is new as is the Poor People's Corporation which aims to help establish such enterprises.

Jesse Morris, a SNCC staffer, set up the corporation last spring. It conducted a training program during the summer at Mt. Beulah where, because of limited funds (raised privately), training was restricted to three skills. On August 29, the corporation held its first meeting. Members came together to consider requests for grants from representatives of the okra cooperative, the Canton sewing firm, the three new firms which will make leather and suede handbags, belts, pouches, as a result of summer training. Softly and sometimes inarticulately, spokesmen talked of their enterprises and asked for grants of $400, $1,000—nothing very large. They passed around sample goods while members of the audience asked detailed questions about production and marketing. It was easy to invoke nightmare visions of bad management and laughable bookkeeping, but people were going to learn by doing, and that was something the white boss had never encouraged.

Another new project, also with its base at Mt. Beulah, is the Freedom Now Brick Company, conceived by SNCC worker Frank Smith. The purpose of the company is to provide housing for Negroes kicked off the land. The company's function is to be three-pronged: a foundation will be set up to extend the necessary funds, a factory is to provide the materials, and a contracting service will supply the technology. Funds are to be raised privately, with hopes for a supplemental loan from the Small Business Administration. The company's board of directors is thus far drawn from the co-ops and new businesses of the Poor People's Corporation. It plans to sell 15,000 shares of preferred stock at $10 a share and 5,000 shares of voting stock at $1 a share.

When he went to open a bank account for the brick company's development fund, Frank Smith was asked by the teller: "Are you the president of the company?" Smith had been an outspoken foe of "leadership" and excessive structure within SNCC, but this time he simply said "yes." The game had changed; you can't fight bankdom if you're going to start a company.

Perhaps none of these enterprises will get off the ground. And even if they do, the dent in Mississippi's poverty will be slight. They may, however, compel other, richer and more powerful agencies to take steps. The Delta Ministry has already announced the formation of the Delta Opportunity Corporation, which would seek federal assistance on economic development, jobs and housing for ten counties. The Delta contains Mississippi's richest land and its poorest people; one suspects that the problem can truly be solved only by massive federal action.

Meanwhile, some of the civil rights people have recognized the need to attack economic problems and to utilize federal money where possible. SNCC workers, for example, can help get government grants to those who need them most by providing the necessary information and contacts. It may not quite be possible "to radicalize the OEO (Office of Economic Opportunity)," as an MFDP worker in Jackson put it, but it isn't necessary to assume that the movement will be bought off if federal money is used. In any case, the movement can't compete with $1 million. A Freedom School can't compete with a Headstart School. In the past, too many civil rights workers — particularly middle-class Northerners, both Negro and white — have sought to impose their justified alienation from American materialism upon Southern Negroes who just don't know what they are talking about. To a sharecropper's wife with eleven hungry kids, a pair of shoes *is* freedom—unless she is a Fannie Lou Hamer, with a love of freedom so deep that it will abide with her through both trials and satisfactions of the flesh.

Most of the economic developments mentioned here, particularly the Mississippi Freedom Labor Union, would not have come about without the 1964 Summer Project and the Mississippi Freedom Democratic Party. Both catalyzed the strength and desire of black men to speak out, to do something about their deprivation.

The MFDP does not yet have a unified state program of action on local issues. It has concentrated its attention this year on the Congressional challenge to unseat the five Mississippians. To many Negroes, it is therefore a structure of leaders and little more: the complexities of political struggle in Washington are

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remote, baffling. When there has been political action on a local issue, it has sometimes been taken in the name of the MFDP, sometimes not. People set up voting leagues or "improvement associations" without including the Freedom Party in their names. Some counties have frequent MFDP meetings, others do not. This looseness of structure and decentralized programing were probably inevitable; it is hard to imagine the party existing otherwise. Some day this may have to change — for example, when the MFDP runs candidates for state office in 1966, as it now plans to do. The Challenge has been dismissed by a vote of 228 to 152, but not without shaking up Congress and white Mississippi. MFDP feels that was only the beginning.

The MFDP has been unable to fill the vacuum created by the demise of the Council of Federated Organizations last winter. In the summer of 1964, there were thirty-odd COFO projects around the state, serviced by SNCC or CORE personnel and funds, plus 650 volunteers who had usually gone through a week of well-planned orientation. In the summer of 1965, SNCC agreed to recruit volunteers on the basis of needs to be specified by the MFDP county committees. Most of the volunteers were supposed to bring with them specific skills, not just their white bodies, and the MFDP was to orient them. It didn't work. This past summer's crop — about 200 — was recruited at the last minute amid great confusion. Few of them had the skills specified and no one seemed to know where they should be assigned to work. Orientation was cut short by the emergency in Jackson: the new workers went there to join the mass demonstrations and were thus oriented in jail. The volunteers seemed to me often of a poorer quality than last year's; less inspired, more frustrated. In fairness to the MFDP, it should be said that SCOPE's summer workers in Alabama — recruited by the Southern Leadership Conference — seemed no better off. Their orientation had been orderly but abstract; they learned some Negro history, little about what to do when beaten or jailed. In any case, the time for massive numbers of white volunteers has passed.

Also gone from Mississippi this year is Robert Parris Moses, director of the 1964 project. Having dropped his last name in an effort to break the hero worship and leadership role he had acquired, Parris worked this year on a new approach to Mississippi's problems [see "The Question of SNCC," *The Nation*, July 19]. He acknowledges the importance to the Negro of material well-being, and the effect this can have on his political behavior. He believes that if the grass-roots movement is to retain its vitality and keep on pushing for change to benefit not merely the teacher but also the sharecropper, that movement must gain strength by hooking up with other protest groups around the country. These include elements of the peace movement, the student movement, the civil rights movement and community organizations such as the Students for a Democratic Society project in Newark. An attempt at bringing them together was the Assembly of Unrepresented People in Washington, August 6-9, which held workshops and declared peace in Vietnam. George Shelton, president of the MFLU, was there from Shaw, as were the two young men from McComb who created a furor with their flier urging Negroes not to serve in Vietnam. "We talked to a lot of people in McComb about the idea before we put out the flier," said one of them, "and they liked it. So we did it."

Across Mississippi and outside it, people grope for answers. Ask a SNCC worker where the movement should go and he will usually say, "I don't know." Ask an LCDC lawyer about the dynamics of change and he will see no solution within our system as we know it. Ask a sharecropper like Mrs. Miller, in her delta shack. Mrs. Miller decided to send all seven of her school-age children to the white school in town this fall. Her home was shot into shortly after she registered them. Their going to school means the loss of seven cotton pickers, and that much less food. The planter has already indicated his displeasure, and she and her family will probably be thrown off the land. Mrs. Miller knows every corner of her trap. She should be brought to Washington, to testify about economic oppression, in the same way that Negroes have come before to tell of political oppression. If the government listened and acted, it would break the plantation system. But it won't. So Mrs. Miller doesn't know the answer either.

Meanwhile, Negroes from Mississippi continue to go north in search of some small improvement. They go to Watts, and Watts will be repeated. Northern liberals may be appalled to learn that Los Angeles gave a certain satisfaction to the nonviolent Negro of Mississippi. He regretted the toll of black lives; he sympathized with the spirit of insurrection. He too has been on the verge of armed "riot"—in Greenwood last year, in Natchez this year when an NAACP worker's car was booby-trapped. For today he feels, simultaneously, the hope of change and the depth of racism in this country.

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Ferment in the Churches

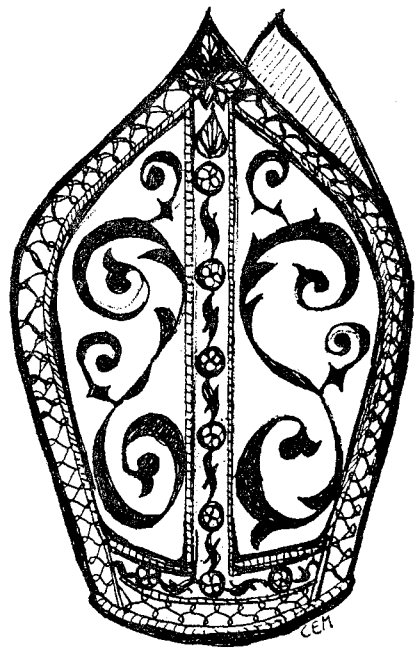
The New Christian Soldiers . . . . . Harvey Cox

There is a good deal of talk in church circles today about a new division in Christendom. This may sound strange to those who believe the churches are still riding the magnificent wave of ecumenical euphoria activated in part by the Vatican Council. But open discussion about a fast-approaching period of disruption and dissension is growing among both Catholics and Protestants. Archbishop Andre Pallier of Rouen recently conceded publicly that he foresees a schism in Roman Catholicism, led by the ultraconservatives, if the Vatican Council accepts the controversial sections on "Religious Liberty" and "The Modern World" now before it. There are other strains in the Catholic Church and in Protestantism that no one is yet talking about publicly. A prominent Protestant church leader told me recently that at the rate the altercation between the young turks and the old guard is now developing, we can look for a major split in Protestantism within five to ten years.

Let me make clear at the outset that the split people are discussing now is not one *between* Catholics and Protestants, where it once cut most deeply. Nor does anyone expect the main Protestant sects to diverge further from one another. Many so-called "church unity" proposals will probably develop and come to fruition in the next ten years. The schism now being talked about runs straight through churches and denominations. When it comes, so the predictions run, it will find Catholics and Protestants, clergy and laity, high and low churchmen, on both sides.

Nor will the issue in this split be explicitly theological. It is mainly one of praxis or church strategy, with very important theological overtones. It is the question of *how the churches should respond to the revolutions of color, opportunity and power now sweeping the world, both at home and abroad.*

This, and not the Virgin Birth, the infallibility of the Pope or the



Bible is what Christians argue about most heatedly today. On the one hand, there are those in all churches who want the church to play its customary social role as the guardian of the values and institutions of the past. They usually couch their attitude in terms which suggest that the church should "stay out of politics." On the other hand, there is that growing group of laity and clergy, mostly young, which insists that the church should play a direct role in social change. The nub of the question is the secular significance of the church. Jesuit Thomas Clarke was probably right when he wrote in *America*, his order's weekly periodical, that the future image of Vatican II probably will not be either collegiality or even ecumenism but "Christian secularity." It is the coming theological mode of the era: Christians plunging into the social order to struggle for justice and peace. But it is not a mood which everyone accepts with enthusiasm. Protestant theologian Martin Marty writes in a Methodist publication:

> *There is a hushed-up revolution abroad in our land. One side of the revolution says that the Christian church should be involved in the struggle of today's poor in city and on farm; at the side of the delinquent, the racially oppressed, the politically exploited. The other side says the church should love these people but should not become involved in the politics of their problems.*

Tensions set in motion by this hushed-up revolution are far-reaching. They simmer just below the surface at the national meetings of denominations, church agencies and church organizations. They erupt in city councils of churches. They distress the vestries and deacon boards of local congregations. It is not that these differences have not always been there; they have. But recently, the young turks within the churches have felt an increasing strength. The civil rights movement helped. In many instances it brought together people who had felt the same on a number of issues, but because they served churches in different cities never had a chance to get to know one another. Just as the Greek slaves in Rome were forbidden to wear a distinctive garb—lest they recognize their number and revolt — this group has been kept unaware of its potential power by the sociology of church division. Then came the March on Washington and the ecumenical convergence on Selma. "When I got to Brown's Chapel," confessed one young Methodist minister, "I was shocked to see how many of *us* there were in the church." In short, the "Christian underground" has surfaced. A rather amorphous, generally young, mostly Northern and urban group of clergy and laity has come onto the scene and is now learning its strength. And the church will never be the same again.

It is important to realize that the present controversy is not just the old "social Gospel" fight wearing a new hat. There are differences between the current crop of socially militant churchmen and the early 19th-century followers of Walter Rauschenbusch. The socially active churchmen of today, for example, lack the confidence of their forebears that one more big push will bring in the Kingdom. They tend less to identify particular idealistic schemes, such as socialism or pacifism, with the Gospel. They see the

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Harvey Cox, associate professor of church and society at Harvard, is the author of The Secular City *(Macmillan).*

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church and its members more as supporters and strengtheners of a movement already under way than as a vanguard. The passion and dedication are similar, and there can be no doubt that in the new generation of Christian activists the spirit of the social Gospel is with us again. But unlike the social Gospel movement, the secular Christians of today work from a broader interdenominational base, have a higher degree of theological sophistication, and are determined not to disappear until their militancy has worked some major alterations in the life of the American churches.

Under the leadership of the new militants, the churches have begun to play an unprecedented role in some aspects of American society, a role once played by labor unions. Saul Alinsky, the controversial head of the Industrial Areas Foundation, said in two recent interviews: "The unions are now the haves—they're part of the *status quo*. The Christian churches are now taking the leadership in social change." The new mood in the churches has developed rather quickly. A telling index of the shift can be seen in the radical metamorphosis the public image of the American clergyman has undergone in the past few years. A decade ago, the clergyman was often depicted in cartoons and stories as a pompous bore, a disagreeable zealot or a genial incompetent. These images still persist in some places. But the average man is now just as likely to think of nuns, priests and ministers leading protest marches or standing on picket lines. The new image may bewilder or even infuriate him, but it is undeniable that the popular view of the clergy has undergone sweeping revision. The changing public stereotype has also affected the minister's own self-image. It has marked off the new breed from the old. Among the clergy, the clear demarcation is between those who have participated in direct action and those who haven't. It designates the frontier along which any new division is apt to erupt.

The debate within the church about how deeply it should be involved in the secular order has stirred up things in every area of church life. The most crucial issue, however, and the one which will have most significance for the future of the churches themselves, has to do with the nature of churchly authority. It may or may not have been important for the racial scene in Los Angeles that some Roman Catholics wanted to get involved in civil rights. It is highly important, however, that Father William DuBay—frustrated by the caution and inaction of his superiors—finally resorted to writing the Pope and urging him to remove Cardinal McIntyre from his office as archbishop because of "malfeasance." Cardinal McIntyre was not removed, but neither was Father DuBay. He was not even publicly reprimanded; his punishment was to be exiled to a posh parish far from the Negroes and impoverished whites with whom he had been identified. It is hard to imagine any priest getting off so lightly ten years ago. One cannot help wondering if even Cardinal McIntyre has not had second thoughts on how far the Church should go to resolve the racial mess in his diocese.

The same sort of thing happens again and again. When the Roman Catholic bishop of Birmingham and Mobile, Thomas J. Toolen, told the nuns and priests who were marching in Selma to go home and tend to "God's business," they not only refused to go but 300 of them signed a press statement spelling out their disagreement with the archbishop and stating that they would return to Selma, or to other racial crisis spots, whenever Martin Luther King asked them to.

Here is a situation almost without precedent in the history of the Church. Some 300 Roman Catholic clergy refuse to obey a bishop's request and, at the same time, pledge obedience to a Baptist minister who ironically bears the name of the main leader of the Protestant Reformation. (King became a *de facto* Catholic bishop in Selma.) Yet not one of these 300 was defrocked.

The role of the Catholic Church in the racial revolution in America has precipitated something like a crisis of authority in the Church itself. The Pope has publicly criticized the declining respect for authority, and Paul Emile Cardinal Leger of Montreal, who is known at the Vatican Council as a "progressive," recently deplored a "growing climate of opinion hostile to the whole idea of authority, much less its exercise." But the diagnosis is not quite accurate; the Catholic clergy at Selma had not rejected the idea of authority. They had chosen, in this instance, to submit to another authority, realizing it could mean danger or even death. They had chosen to obey Dr. King rather than Archbishop Toolen.

The authority problem in the Roman Catholic Church is in no sense confined to the clergy. Readers of the Catholic press have become aware in recent months of an increasingly strident and insistent criticism by laymen of Church policies and personages. The vexed issue of contraception is now open game for disputation, and such Catholic writers as Michael Novak take open and sweeping exception to the Church's teaching on the subject. Lay student groups have picketed chancellory offices on racial issues. A year ago, Dennis Clark published a withering attack on Archbishop Kroll of Philadelphia and the failure of that city's Catholic leaders to face up to its racial crisis. But the present bête noire of this critical crackling in the Church is a young California convert to Catholicism, Edward Keating. He is editor of the magazine, *Ramparts*, easily the most controversial publication within American Catholicism today. Keating, whose technicolor covers and vivid reportage attract numerous non-Catholic readers, even from the newsstand trade, has ruthlessly attacked such Catholic cultural heroes as Dr. Thomas Dooley ("Hang Down Your Head, Tom Dooley") and Pius XII (in a spirited defense of Hochhuth's *The Deputy*). He cheerfully acknowledges that ". . . if McGucken (Joseph T., archbishop of San Francisco) could figure out a way to do it, he'd shut us down tomorrow." Keating's recent book, *The Scandal of Silence*, has outraged Catholics from coast to coast. More considerate critics, such as the editors of *Commonweal*, view Keating and *Ramparts* in much the same way as Roy Wilkins must often view the shenanigans of SNCC. Yet Keating certainly dramatizes the new vigor and openness not previously thought possible in American Catholicism. And his main battle is pointed at precisely the decisive point, the freedom of laymen to participate vigorously and with minds of their own in the secular realm. "The continued supremacy of the hierarchy and priesthood over the laity in temporal affairs," says Keating, "is the most serious obstacle to the fulfillment of the Church's mission in

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the United States." Once again, the sore point of tension clearly emerges; it is the collision between Christian secularity and traditional notions of churchly obedience.

The United States is not the only country in which the Roman Catholic Church is wracked by problems of authority growing out of clerical participation in political action. The talk of Colombia today is a young Roman Catholic priest, Father Camilio Torres, who recently defied his bishop, the Most Rev. Angel Maria Ocampo Burrio, Archbishop of Tunja, by openly supporting a revolutionary solution to Colombia's bewildering social problems. When Father Torres' ideas were attacked by his superiors, he asked to be relieved of his priestly duties if he could not be a priest and a revolutionary too. He was joined in his request by a fellow priest, Father Martin Amaya Martinez, who said in a newspaper interview, "I believe the Colombian Church should rout the misery of hunger and superstitious ignorance of our people. . . . In fact," he added, "since the Emperor Constantine, the Church has become more of a business corporation than a messenger of Our Lord Jesus Christ." When questioned directly about his attitude toward ecclesiastical authority, Father Torres replied that he would always obey his cardinal "except when it runs contrary to the ideas of Christianity and my conscience." It requires only a modicum of historical imagination to detect in Father Torres' reply a distinct similarity to the words of a rebellious priest in a Council at Worms some 400 years ago, who told his superiors, "Here I stand, God helping me, I can do no other."

But conditions differ significantly from the 1500s. It is noteworthy that the schism Archbishop Pallier of Rouen expects, if the Vatican Council moves too far on religious liberty or on the relation of the Church to the modern world, is appearing on the Right, not on the Left. The Vatican itself, under John XXIII, and to a lesser extent under Paul VI, is often viewed by the young turks in the Church as their ally. This re-creates a climate reminiscent of certain moments in the 17th and 18th centuries when the Jesuit order, with its loyalty centered in Rome, was able to take radical positions in some countries, frequently opposing the local diocesan clergy. It is why a Father DuBay in Los Angeles appeals to the Pope to remove his archbishop and an Edward Keating can suggest, apparently in all seriousness, that the whole Los Angeles archdiocese may be out of communion with Rome and therefore not be a truly Roman Catholic Church at all.

Archbishop Pallier's opinion is also confirmed by the fact that a considerable conservative Catholic backlash is already gathering steam. The backlashers have found their hero so far in the rather unlikely figure of a mild-mannered professor of Canon Law at tiny Mt. St. Mary's Seminary in Emmitsburg, Md. His name is Gommar Albert DePauw, and he leads something called the Catholic Traditionalist Movement. Presumably this group was organized mainly to oppose liturgical reforms in the Catholic Church and to fight what its members call the "Protestantizing" of their Church. But the movement doubtless represents a growing apprehensiveness among conservative Catholics about the number of trends at work in the Church, which to them must appear quite ominous. Recently, its representatives picketed at the National Catholic Liturgical Conference in Baltimore, carrying signs which extolled Father DePauw and denounced the "novelties" now being introduced into the worship life of the Church (vernacular masses, congregational participation in the liturgy, etc.).

Another rallying point for the Catholic conservatives is William Buckley's weekly journal, the *National Review*. Buckley, a Catholic layman, has been nervous about the way things have been going in his Church ever since Pope John assumed the throne of Peter, but his unease has been multiplying in recent months. A few weeks ago, he announced the publication of a thick booklet entitled "What in the Name of God Is Going on in the Catholic Church?" with contributions by Evelyn Waugh, Frederick D. Wilhelmsen and others. The title of the brochure gives eloquent voice to the anxiety felt these days not only by conservative Catholics but also by non-Catholics who have relied on Rome and its minions always to provide a dependable ally for the *status quo*.

Despite all the talk, however, the possibility of a significant schism within Catholicism is a minor one. Though potent here and there, the real reactionaries in the Catholic Church add up to a tiny band on the world scene. The progressives, on the other hand, are now doing well. If they cannot get conservative cardinals sacked, at least they keep themselves from getting excommunicated. Here and there in Catholic interracial councils, ecumenical action groups and a variety of lay apostolates, they keep pushing, and the general climate of the Catholic Church is, if not wildly responsive, at least not inquisitional. Besides, the uncanny flexibility of the Roman Church, its almost unerring capacity to make room for diversity and inner tension, will probably pull it through the coming crisis relatively united.

But does talk of new division carry a greater threat for Protestants? Whatever happens to Protestantism will happen to a religious community that is already badly fragmented. Though "Protestants" are usually mentioned along with Catholics, Jews and agnostics as one of the four socio-religious groups in America, the classification is misleading. Despite much talk and some action about church union in recent years, and considerable interchurch cooperation, Protestants are still wastefully and catastrophically divided into more than 200 denominations and sects. Futhermore, there has been a historical tendency among them to separate if the situation seems to warrant it, rather than to preserve unity at the price of burning conviction.

Where then do the strains appear in Protestantism? Protestants in America have not often been troubled by excessive clerical control over their activities in the secular realm. The battle therefore is in no sense a battle for the freedom of laymen and activist clergy against a dominating hierarchy. But in Protestantism, it has frequently happened that activist ministers must contend with the socially conservative laymen who sit on the boards and committees that rule the churches. This is a particularly interesting phenomenon in view of the vocal demands among Catholic laymen today for a wider responsibility in the governance of their Church. Protestantism in America, at least in its main-line denominations, is far from being completely lay controlled, but it is often where lay control is most powerful that

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the opposition to social action has been most vociferous. Studies have shown that ministers who do not serve a local parish, and hence are somewhat more insulated from direct lay control, are much more likely to demonstrate and become involved in direct action than pastors of local churches. Of the hundreds of clergymen who flew to Selma, a disproportionate number were denominational and interdenominational staff people, college and university chaplains, and ministers of mission churches not directly dependent on a congregation for their financial support. It is worth noting that not one of the three Protestant ministers who have lost their lives in the civil rights struggle in the past two years was a parish minister. Bruce Klunder, who was killed by the bulldozer in Cleveland, was on the staff of the Student Christian Union. James Reeb was working for the American Friends Service Committee in Boston when he went to Selma. Jonathan Daniels was a theology student.

Still, in the South and also in metropolitan areas, it is the parish minister who may soon find himself on the firing line whether he chooses to be or not. The denominational executive can fly to Selma or Hattiesburg for a couple of weeks and then return to his office. The minister in a city parish lives every day with the tensions of race and social change swirling around him and forcing him to make costly decisions. Although the suburban minister has not had to face this kind of pressure as steadily, he soon will. As Negroes move to the suburbs, as fair-housing committees accelerate their activities, as groups try to modify zoning laws to bring lower-income housing to the suburbs, the minister will find himself just as inescapably involved as are his inner-city colleagues. The next decade may see scores of ministers from Northern suburban churches join the hundreds of Southern ministers who have been forced from their pulpits by congregations angered by their attitudes toward race and the social involvement of Christians.

The crisis in city and suburb, North and South, usually emerges over an issue which may at first seem minor. It usually has more to do with what the minister does than with what he says in his sermons. Even deep South congregations have been known to accept

large doses of "brotherhood" talk in sermons. The flame point comes, however, when a group asks for permission to use the church building, or the minister participates in a community organization of which his congregation does not approve. The issue of use of the building varies between North and South. In Dixie, some ministers were ousted by angry congregations when they opposed using church buildings as private schools to evade the Supreme Court decision. In the North, ministers reap the wrath of conservative laymen when they permit the church building to be used by groups the deacons consider radical or disruptive. In the South, a parish minister may court forced retirement by agreeing to serve on a community relations council or a biracial committee. In the North, the same thing happens when he joins a group protesting *de facto* segregation, or supports the picketing of a discriminatory business.

In almost all instances, ministers who can avoid retaliation by boards controlled by laymen are the ones willing to take larger risks. Ministers of mission churches are the clearest example. Such churches are frequently located in slum areas and usually receive only a small part of their income from the local congregation. The rest comes from city, state or national mission boards. The minister of a small missions congregation can therefore move with much less hesitation into controversial community and national issues.

Not only do supra-local agencies support staff involvement in controversy but they often initiate things a local church would not usually undertake. A prime example is the Mississippi Delta Ministry sponsored by the National Council of Churches. Begun in the "Freedom Summer" of 1964, as an effort to help train and orient volunteers, the program was continued at the end of the summer and is now one of the most decisive forces at work in Mississippi. In cooperation with Mary Holmes Junior College, the Delta Ministry received a $1,460,748 Office of Economic Opportunity grant to run a Mississippi Headstart program last summer. Besides the summer people, the Delta Ministry now has a permanent staff of more than a dozen seasoned veterans of clerical activity in civil rights. It works in projects all over the state, using an abandoned college campus at Mt. Beulah in Edwards as its headquarters. When the cotton choppers in Leland went on strike late last spring, *The New York Times* rightly singled out Rev. Laurence Walker of the Delta Ministry staff as a key figure in the astounding walk-out by one of the most exploited groups of workers in America.

The Delta Ministry is a dangerous and ground-breaking mission of direct participation in social change. It proceeds, however, only in the teeth of the bitter and determined opposition of many of the white church leaders and probably the majority of their churchgoing laymen in Mississippi. Efforts have been made by Mississippi ecclesiastics to persuade the National Council to call off the Delta Ministry, to force the Delta staff to confine their efforts to relief work and literacy, or to turn the whole program over to Mississippi churches. To date all these attempts have been resisted. The Delta Ministry stands as a particularly dramatic symbol of supra-parochial and ecumenical "presence," persisting despite determined

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local opposition. The fact is that mission agencies not only tolerate controversial activities by their staff but even encourage them, while the average local lay board opposes such involvement. But this still leaves two important unanswered questions. The first is why national boards and agencies, and in some places city mission societies, often lean toward the side of secular involvement, while local congregations are more hesitant. The second is what effect this growing militancy and activism at national levels will have on a possible split within Protestantism over the direct involvement issue.

The reason why the agencies are often sympathetic is apparent. A growing number of people on their staffs have come from a formative experience in an inner-city slum church. For ten years following World War II some of the most capable and militant young ministers avoided suburban congregations and went into the Harlems and West Chicagos of America. There they quickly saw the futility of a strictly "spiritual" ministry and also learned how to deal with institutional politics and structural problems. Many had their baptism of fire in racial issues and tough city politics.

During the past ten years these men have moved into the hierarchies of the Protestant churches and agencies with an unusually strong determination to lead the church into the political struggle and to engage it on a larger scale with the issues they once faced locally. By now the period of apprenticeship for these secular actionists, who are no longer really "young" turks, is over. They are assuming the reins of power all over the church. Robert Spike, who leads the National Council of Churches Race and Religion Department, got his start in the slums of lower Manhattan. George Todd, director of the Presbyterian Church's urban work; Don Benedict, who leads the Chicago City Mission Society; and Archie Hargreaves, who recently left the United Church's urban mission division, all began their careers in East Harlem. Suffragan Bishop Paul Moore of the Washington Episcopal Diocese and Kilmer Myers, Suffragan Bishop of Michigan, both began in the tenements of Manhattan's Lower West Side. Jitsuo Morikawa, the Baptists' main agency pioneer, served a church in the racially tense Hyde Park-Kenwood section of South Chicago.

There are dozens more of the New Breed of Protestant church leaders. They are still a minority but no longer a battered one. Their influence will probably continue to expand, and since they are all inside the structures of the church, this diminishes the possibility of the rupture some predict. Why pull out of the church when there is some chance of taking it over? Thus, increasingly, goes the logic of the New Breed.

But this still does not preclude the possibility of a schism. Since there was a rather wide, if somewhat grudging, consensus in the churches on the moral aspects of the civil rights movement, the insurgents found themselves fighting on an ideal battlefield. But what will happen when the focus shifts, as has already happened to some extent, from race as a narrow issue to injustice and the need for decisive social change in the North and all over the world? It is becoming clear that while the churches' action in Selma drew kudos from many laymen, similar involvement in Syracuse elicits sharp criticism. Church leaders who try to swing into action in Saigon and Santo Domingo find the going much rougher than it was in the March on Washington. As more G.I.s are killed in the rice paddies of South Vietnam it will become harder for church leaders to support even verbal criticism of our policy, to say nothing of direct action protests.

Will the question of Christian secularity force a new division in the churches? For Catholics the answer, I think, is a clear no. For Protestants the answer depends on a number of imponderables. Will the militant young turks grow flabby and complacent? Positions in church hierarchies have been known to cool the fire of zealots. Will the New Breed cause the churches themselves to assume a new and creative role in our society? Will everyone settle for a kind of ecclesiastical two-party system with spiritual Christians and secular Christians ruling in uneasy coalition? Nothing is resolved, but whatever happens, American church history will be well worth watching in the next few years.

The Politics of Pollution . . . . . Gladwin Hill

Los Angeles

"The books," the old-timer from Capitol Hill remarked, "say that water is two parts hydrogen and one part oxygen. Actually, it's one part economics and one part politics. . . ."

This should come as no surprise to anyone who has watched the long-time bureaucratic scramble in Washington to get aboard the water wagon. In the fastest growing parts of the country, water has been inextricably linked with votes. For decades, Interior, Agriculture and the Corps of Engineers have trampled on one another's toes—and projects—in a stampede to bestow liquid bounty on the common man, and orient his legislative representatives toward bigger appropriations for their respective agencies. Log-rolling and water have a historic affinity, too.

This merry jousting had geographic limitations, however; water was primarily a concern of the West. Stetson-hatted, string-tied members of Congress from the cactus country had to preface appeals for Eastern support of their pet projects with explanations of what water was. And as far as the lower echelons of politics—the governor of North Carolina, the attorney general of Ohio, the mayor of Duluth—were concerned, the folks out West could have been drinking pulque, and voting accordingly.

But now suddenly the arena has

Gladwin Hill, head of The New York Times *Los Angeles news bureau, has been covering water problems for twenty years.*

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become vastly enlarged. The big new subject of pollution has turned water into a game any number can play—indeed, that most people are being drawn into willy-nilly. Pollution is nation-wide; protests about it are arising from the Androscoggin in Maine to Lake Tahoe in California; resistance to remedying it is equally ubiquitous; and everyone with even a tax-paying interest in politics finds himself somewhere in the rumble. The tip-off, if one were needed, came last February when the President, while refraining from accustomed personal reference to the Pedernales, teed off on water pollution.

Alleviation of water pollution promises to be one of history's classic tests of Democracy At Work. It is a predicament we got ourselves into through a tacit national policy of using waterways for the disposal of waste, municipal and industrial. The waste load has now become intolerable. Yet the clamor for a clean-up finds vested interests in pollution in every hamlet of the country. If a community doesn't have inadequate sewage treatment—which is likely—or a factory discharging noxious fluids, it at least has stockholders in the steel, chemical, oil, paper or textile industries, which are among the biggest polluters. This conflict of interest at the citizen level is what brought pollution to its present aggravated state.

Political pussyfooting with pollution has a long history. The International Joint Commission, a six-member United States-Canada board that deals with boundary problems, first went after pollution on the Great Lakes in 1912, and still is nominally pursuing it. But the commission's function is purely advisory to the two governments, and its purview is limited to subjects which, after interminable travel through diplomatic channels, are formally referred to it by agreement of the two governments. On the Great Lakes, inquiry has been carefully confined to the waters connecting the lakes, rather than the lakes themselves. When it has found pollution, the commission has had authority only to hold hearings and remonstrate politely with the offenders. Withal, the commission claims to have effected, down the decades, some reduction in pollution at the points under its surveillance. Meanwhile, Great Lakes pollution has been getting steadily worse—to the point where Sen. Gaylord Nelson of Wisconsin said of degenerating Lake Erie: "It's no longer a body of water—it's a chemical tank."

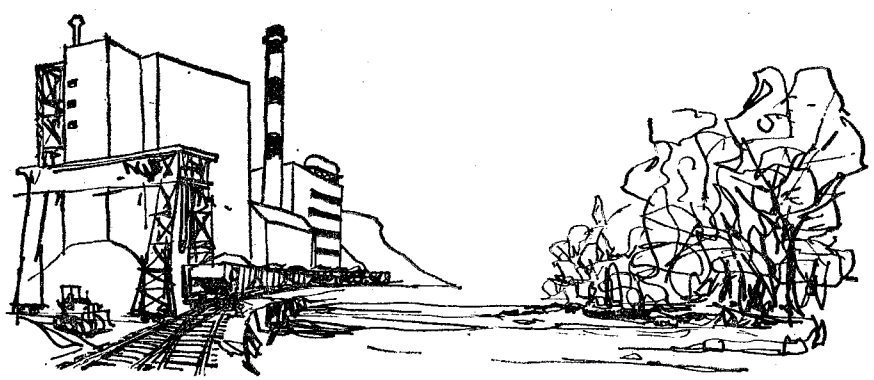
All states have laws against water pollution, but with a few exceptions enforcement has been weak, not to say cowardly. Hidden away in the files of the average state will be hundreds of permits to municipalities and industries to violate pollution laws, pending vaguely projected improvements in facilities that haven't materialized. The New York State Health Department in 1936 ordered the city of Utica to stop polluting the Mohawk River, giving it four years to clean up its discharges. Nearly thirty years later, Utica is still pumping 15 million gallons of untreated sewage into the river every day.

Sewage is an unglamorous subject, lacking political appeal. It is far easier for a local officeholder to get the community to pony up $10,000 for a useless statue than for improvements in the sewage plant. It is also a lot easier for him to see "the company's side of the problem" when somebody complains that the XYZ Corporation has, without anybody's vote, pre-empted the old swimming hole and boating place as a waste-disposal channel. If patriotism is the last refuge of scoundrels, local economic chauvinism is the cloak of pollution abetters. The Velsicol company in Memphis, reproached for dumping into the Mississippi masses of high-powered agricultural chemicals that killed millions of fish, staged a civic dinner whose keynote was a sarcastic: "We understand you don't want our industry in your city. . . ."

There is no instance on record of an industrial concern's carrying out a threat to move if required to meet acceptable water-quality standards. The National Association of Manufacturers reports that American industry last year spent $100 million on waste-treatment facilities. That is exactly one-sixth of the amount that *one* company—U.S. Steel, repeatedly cited, along with most other steel companies, as a polluter—plans to spend on new *production* facilities in the next year. It is less than 5 per cent of what the steel industry alone plans to spend on capital expansion in 1966.

Rather than cracking down on pollution, there is evidence that some states have been misguidedly using it as a come-on for industry. Anti-pollution efforts in the United States started in 1886 in a laboratory on the Merrimack River at Lawrence, Mass.—the area of some of the nation's earliest industry. Nearly a century later, the Merrimack is still one of the worst polluted rivers in the country. New England, which has suffered more than any other part of the country from an exodus of industry, also has been the most intransigent area in defying federal pollution-abatement efforts — even resorting to the ridiculous contention that federal concern with pollution on interstate waterways is unconstitutional.

Alone in the country, New England and New York (which shares many of New England's streams and industrial problems) have maintained that pollution is best dealt with by "classifying" streams. This is a three-card-monte exercise in which up to fifteen years have been frittered away in "studies" and hearings that resulted in various degrees of pollution being approved for various segments of rivers. Ostensibly this is to provide goals for improvement. In reality it freezes existing pollution, and begs the question of



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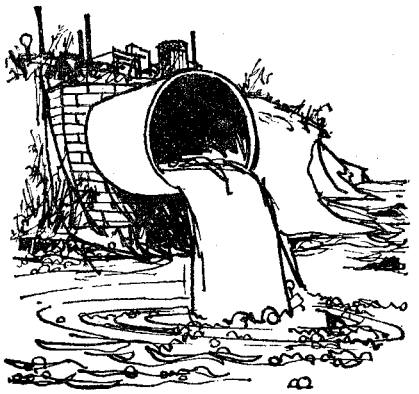
a real cleanup by presupposing that pollution is inevitable and that certain interests have a right to commit it.

New England industry hasn't conspicuously flourished from this approach. Industry needs clean water, and with rivers from the Androscoggin to the Connecticut woefully polluted, there are lots of better places for manufacturers to settle.

The South, equally avid for industry, got the message some time ago. In many places, industries once had almost a free hand to pollute. Portions of the Savannah River in Georgia and the Coosa, running into Alabama, are among the shocking results. But now usable water is get-



ting scarce, and Georgia, in particular, has started a big cleanup campaign in which, leaders frankly acknowledge, considerations of health and aesthetics are coupled with the realization that availability of clean water is more alluring to industry than easy disposability of dirty water.

This sort of enlightenment reaches its apogee in California, where agriculture overshadows industry economically, water is scarce, and state authorities feel they can be tough about effluent standards in respect to both industry and municipalities. Thus, when the Kimberly-Clark paper company, casting about for a Western mill location with a good water supply, chose Anderson, on the Sacramento River, California in effect said: "We'd be delighted to have you, but only on this basis: the Sacramento is one of our priceless natural treasures, and if you're going to sluice waste into it, that waste is going to be so clean that baby salmon (more sensitive to water quality than people) will thrive on it." The company judged it well worth while to spend upward of 10 per cent of its $20 million investment on waste-treatment equipment. This spectacularly contradicted the notions that lax enforcement is the key to fat local payrolls and that, industrially, cleanliness is next to bankruptcy.

Other states are starting to show gumption. Federal intervention in water pollution is limited by statute to interstate situations, except where a governor *asks* for help on an intrastate problem. Michigan invoked such federal aid in 1961. Its water officials had prided themselves on pollution enforcement throughout most of the state, but Detroit was another story. There the combined political and economic power of the automobile industry was evident both in outrageous discharges from plants and in a horse-and-buggy sewage system to serve 3 million people. Detroit has only "primary" sewage treatment, which in the inelegant phrase of sanitary engineers means just "settling out the lumps" before the remainder is flung into the public domain. Standard treatment nowadays includes "secondary" processing of waste with chemicals, filters and sometimes electrolytic gear that remove up to 90 per cent of pollutants and leave a fairly innocuous residual fluid. At federal hearings last spring, Detroit's sewage director, Gerald Remus, lamented that secondary treatment facilities would cost the city the inconceivable sum of $129 million—which, amortized over a nominal twenty-year period, would amount to less than $3 per capita per year.

The achievement of an explicit agreement between state and federal officials on a pollution cleanup program—enforceable by federal court action—usually requires a certain amount of horse trading on terms, with the state people going as far as they feel they can in commitments without the risk of being lynched by their constituents. In the case of Detroit, the U.S. Public Health Service negotiators, having gotten on the record official acknowledgments of the automobile companies' atrocious discharges (Chrysler being a notable exception), settled for a semantic compromise on the city's sewage. Instead of categorical "secondary treatment," it was agreed that Detroit would install "a degree of treatment sufficient to protect all legitimate uses [of waterways]."

The previously mentioned conflict in the public mind is suggested in the paradox that, at the time when Michigan state officials were accepting federal backing to clean up pollution, the Michigan State Chamber of Commerce was trumpeting alarums about "the threat of a federal take-over" in water pollution.

Along with many other representatives of states and industry, the Michigan Chamber was bucking the Muskie-Blatnick bill, the major pending piece of national water cleanup legislation. The Chamber depicted fundamental liberties as being jeopardized by the bill's proposal to make water-pollution control a separate division of the Department of Health, Education and Welfare, instead of being an offshoot of the subordinate Public Health Service. This was purely an intra-departmental change paralleling what had already been done with air pollution; it did not give the department a jot more statutory power than it had already. The reason for making the change—and the reason the pollution lobby opposed it—was that it promised to make the department's existing powers more effective. Water-pollution control evolved as a side line of the Public Health Service's original preoccupation with disease. This work had involved a lot of friendly collaboration between Public Health field personnel and state health officials. When water-pollution personnel moved into states to enforce cleanups, this long-standing relationship got in their way; the old-line Public Health people didn't like the inevitable frictions with state officials. So it seemed a good idea to draw an administrative line between the two activities.

What agitated the pollution lobby even more was the Muskie-Blatnick proposal to establish national water-quality standards. This seems no more illogical than having a uniform national standard for aspirin or minimum wages. It takes the same concentration of bacteria in water to make a person sick in Delaware as it does in Oregon, and the same amount of phenols to dirty a boat hull in Lake Erie as in Lake Texoma. Furthermore, it is obviously inequitable for a low-

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standards upstream state to impose filth on a more conscientious state downstream. Yet in the Michigan Chamber's nightmare, the proposed statutory innovations would empower the secretary of Health, Education and Welfare to control even "the expansion of subdivisions in our state" through manipulation of water regulations.

Of such chimeras *The New York Times* commented:

> *The complaint about "invasion of states' rights" has been heard too long. It is the rallying cry of the chemical, leather, paper, steel, power and other industrial firms that oppose Federal action because they find it much easier to put pressure on state and local governments. There is no need to defer further in this field to the states. If they had not defaulted in their responsibilities for decades, pollution would not be a major problem today. Too many states have too often winked at serious pollution by cities and by local industries.*

The League of Women Voters, the Izaak Walton League, the United Auto Workers, and scores of similar organizations—along with LBJ—are on the warpath against water pollution. Public pressure is plainly becoming more distressing to some officials than the old pressures. Protests from hundreds of thousands of Ohioans virtually pushed Governor James Rhodes into requesting a federal proceeding to abate interstate pollution of Lake Erie.

This represented a tactical victory for New York's Sen. Robert Kennedy in protracted dueling with Governor Rockefeller over water matters. The Governor, promoting a $1.7 billion six-year state-cleanup program, sought for a long time to sustain the idea that New York pollution was entirely an intrastate affair that called for no federal interference — except federal subsidies. At an emergency gathering of governors at Cleveland on May 10, about the Lake Erie mess, Mr. Rockefeller talked expansively about problems of pollution, while almost avoiding mention of Lake Erie—or the tons of corruption that pour into it hourly from around Buffalo. Hence there presumably was some head snapping at Albany a month later when Governor Rhodes' Lake Erie application to Health, Education and Welfare inexorably involved New York as a co-polluter along with Michigan, Pennsylvania and Indiana.

Even then Governor Rockefeller resisted the prodding of Senator Kennedy that New York should avail itself of federal assistance in intrastate pollution problems. The latest round in the skirmishing culminated on September 1, when—New York's water shortage having called attention to the grievous pollution of the Hudson — Health, Education and Welfare started an abatement action there, tactfully stating that it was being initiated "at the request of" the governors of New York and New Jersey *and* Senator Kennedy. The Senator, incidentally, has been giving industrial circles some qualms with proposals to charge big-water users higher rates, to discourage waste, and to tax industrial plants for pollution. The system has worked well in Germany.

New York City's water shortage appeared to be a glaring illustration of ineptitude on the part of officeholders. Mayor Wagner has insisted that the city's water-storage *capacity* has increased greatly under his administration (even if unkind vagaries of weather prevented that capacity from being filled). If we look into the little-publicized credentials of the city's appointed water commissioner, Armand D'Angelo, who has been perspiringly dispatching rain-making students to California and trying to keep up with Rep. William Ryan's bodacious wading in water leaks, we find that he is bringing to bear all the experience of a career as a draftsman and union business agent. Under the circumstances, it may not be surprising that a lot of New York was parched while the Hudson River was sweeping past at a rate of 1 million gallons a second. The Hudson is polluted, but now that the grass has dried up and New Yorkers have sweltered through the summer with partial air conditioning, means are being found to use its water.

An adequate supply of clean water is still a matter of money—money to pipe it in, money to depollute it, or in the final extremity, money to buy it in tank cars and bottles. As long as there are liquid assets to be juggled, there will be people eager to juggle them. Money talks, they say. So does *vox pop*. Recently, *vox pop* has been talking louder.

LETTERS

(Continued from inside front cover)

importance which I feel should be attached to his remarks, I quote them in full: (*Congressional Record*, Sept. 17, p. 23366):

> *. . . I understood that the Reid Cabral government had fallen for reasons which we do not need to go into. The government under Moreno Urillo, who was the legitimate successor of Bosch, thinking it was defeated, had taken refuge in other Latin American and foreign embassies. At the instance of the CIA—I believe it can be documented—a new junta headed by a certain Colonel Benoit had been formed, although it was pretty well confined to the San Isidro air base.*

This junta, as Senator Clark shows, sent Ambassador Bennett word calling for American troops "because a Communist take-over threatens." Bennett wrote back saying that Washington, in effect, would not send troops for that reason because "the evidence is not clear," and suggested to the junta that they request intervention "in order to protect American lives." This was done with results that are now all too clear. Such are the mechanics of diplomacy in the Great Society.

H. Lore

Tough echo

Virginia, Minn.

Dear Sirs: It is surprising that some liberal paper has not remarked upon *unconditional negotiations*—the most absurd phrase to come out of Washington for some time. Logically, it is a howler . . . and its only meaning comes probably from its being a sort of echo of *unconditional surrender* and sounding tough.

Truman Griffin

Now, not later

Santa Ana, Calif.

Dear Sirs: Although many voters feel that President Johnson has betrayed them, it seems probable that he will become the Democratic candidate in the next election. It occurs to us that we are wasting our time writing and sending telegrams to a man whose actions show so little regard for public and world opinion, and less for the sanctity of human life. We have therefore come to the conclusion that the selection and development of a candidate who could successfully oppose another "Johnson-Goldwater choice" would be the most vital and practical use of our time and efforts. Party labels should not be a factor in this selection, but ability to gain support of all segments of the electorate is essential. Now, not later, is the time to begin!

Mr. & Mrs. Lloyd Seibel
Dr. & Mrs. Roy K. Heintz

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The Clashing Old and New

Robert Green

The tradition-directed society is a relatively static one, because such a form of control must be dependent upon rules and customs which retain their validity over long periods of time. Tradition controls all aspects of behaviour minutely, and from birth to death each member of society knows exactly what is expected of him in all situations. Science (such as it is), religion, law, economic life, and custom are all in accord, so that there exists what Fromm has described as a universal frame of orientation and devotion. Of this type of society Karen Horney has pointed out that the possibilities of mental conflict are much fewer than in the case of a society in transition, which inevitably has a relatively fluid ethical system full of potential conflicts. Although individuality is undeveloped, each person in a tradition-directed society "belongs." . . .

J. A. C. Brown: *Freud and the Post-Freudians*, Penguin, Harmondsworth, 1963, p. 174

The psychologist, who is quoted above, sees the problem of social displacement largely in terms of public malaise, but clearly a novelist or poet or playwright will narrow his focus when he comes to treat the same theme. He will be less interested in aggregates of men, whether the division be clan, tribe, nation, race or continent, than in the results of the tensions on individual lives. Certainly this would be true in a discussion of African literature where the question becomes one of how the African treats the dissolution of the old tradition-directed society and analyzes what this new, fluid society is doing to its individual men and women.

The most important working out of this theme in African literature occurs in a novel by a young Ibo writer: Chinua Achebe's *No Longer at Ease* (1960). His first novel, *Things Fall Apart* (1958), is by any standards a considerable achievement, and his third and last novel, *Arrow of God* (1963), has many solid virtues, but in *No Longer at Ease* he has undoubtedly written a book of major importance. It manages to capture most strikingly the clash between traditional and Western values and to present most honestly the virtues and vices of both sides of the argument. A book that manages to be a debate without ever losing its artistic form, it never fails to remain, at the same time, a very readable novel.

Briefly, it is the story of Obi, a young Nigerian who returns from a university education in Britain with great ideals for dealing with the problems of his homeland, but who falls a victim to the lure of bribery, is dismissed from his post as scholarship secretary in the Ministry of Education, and ends up with a stiff prison sentence. *No Longer at Ease* gives the impression of lassitude and of stylelessness, but this quietness of tone and matter-of-factness is the very center of Achebe's main theme—the tragic dilemmas of the "white African," the man stretched on a rack between the whirling, bright lights of Lagos and the attractive stability of the village and its communal living. As Achebe explains:

[Obi's] *real tragedy is never resolved. It goes on hopelessly forever. Conventional tragedy is too easy. . . . A real tragedy takes place in a corner. . . . The rest of the world is unaware of it.*

Thus, Obi falls because of irreconcilable internal pressures, and it is Achebe's triumph in *No Longer at Ease* that he has taken the reader behind the scenes and shown him the tragedy that takes place in the dark corner, and can never be resolved. The judge at Obi's trial told him that he just could not comprehend how a young man of such high promise could stoop to the sordid crime of bribery: but by the end of the novel the reader, knowing more than the judge, can explain the inexplicable.

The first five pages of the novel show us Obi's predicament in miniature; he is a man whom both Europeans and Nigerians think they have the right to judge. We start by hearing what the judge said at the trial which serves to emphasize the inevitability of Obi's fall. His countrymen, on the other hand, are equally sure that they too have the right to criticize: "a very foolish and self-willed young man," they call him. His trouble is that he cannot shrug off either judgment: although he has received a European education and shares the white man's intellectual views, he is still emotionally tied to his own Ibo community. Likewise he fully accepts the "European" sexual morality that a man's relationship with a woman is a private matter and not to be dictated by old tribal superstitions:

It was scandalous [Obi thought] *that in the middle of the twentieth century a man could be barred from marrying a girl simply because her great-great-great-great-grandfather had been dedicated to serve a god, thereby setting himself apart and turning his descendants into a forbidden caste to the end of time.*

And yet, despite his intellectual emancipation, when faced with the time-honored and the irrational, Obi discovers that he is not armed with the strength of his convictions and, consequently, he finds that he cannot disregard the traditions of his parents and tribe and marry the outcast.

So while Obi thinks he has made these Western values his own, they are, in fact, only a veneer. At the crisis of his life he finds he is left with no deep inner convictions, neither Pagan nor Christian, Nigerian nor European:

He was amazed at the irrelevant thoughts that passed through his mind at this the greatest crisis of his life. He waited for his father to speak that he might put up another fight to justify himself. His mind was troubled not only by what had happened but also by the discovery that there was nothing in him with which to challenge it honestly. All day he had striven to rouse his anger and his conviction but he was honest enough with himself to realize that the response he got, no matter how violent it appeared, was not genuine. It came from the periphery and not the centre, like the jerk in the leg of a dead frog when a current is applied to it. But he could not accept the present state of his mind as final so he searched

Robert Green teaches in the Department of Literature in the University College, Dar-es-Salaam. He has done work on English folk drama and 19th-century American fiction.

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desperately for something that would trigger off the inevitable reaction.

He is an African equivalent, with different particulars, of our Western "hollow man."

Both a psychological triumph and a narrative of extraordinary strength, the pace of *No Longer at Ease* never flags. With no irrelevancies, we are never allowed to relax. Thus the demands upon Obi, to be an enlightened Westerner and also to be a traditional Ibo like his father, come so quickly and are so interwoven that we feel the inevitable push of these forces as they grasp and throttle Obi. And as we have seen, because of his own lack of deep conviction, he is unable to cut these tentacles quickly and to declare his identity, immediately and unequivocally. How can he make a choice when he no longer knows the color of his own skin? Achebe's great feat is to present both sides of these demands so fairly that he neither idealizes the traditional Ibo society nor simply canonizes the modern, Western values. And he succeeds in enlisting our sympathy for Obi and all the other intellectuals and students of his generation who, through no fault of their own except a desire for education, have a "black" heart and a "white" mind—organs which often send quite contradictory messages to their brains. It is not without significance that *No Longer at Ease* is a first-year text in more than one African university.

And now, very briefly, a look at two other versions of the same theme: a Camerounian novel, Mongo Beti's *Mission to Kala* (1957), and a Nigerian play, Wole Soyinka's *The Lion and the Jewel* (1963). Beti's hero, Medza, an educated town boy, is sent to a primitive village to retrieve a kinsman's erring wife, in the course of which much Rabelaisian comedy is wrung from the contrast between the inexperienced Medza and the village's sexual virtuosos. But *Mission to Kala* is more than a rambunctious sexual comedy, for after Medza has seen the vitality and freedom of the uneducated villagers, he begins to make fundamental criticisms of the Western god of education and progress to whom he has been unwittingly sacrificed. *No Longer at Ease* is a tragedy without an end and, in the same way, there are no simple answers to Medza's new bewilderment. *Mission to Kala* ends not on a note of high comedy but with these despairing words from the young hero:

The tragedy which our nation is suffering today is that of a man left to his own devices in a world which does not belong to him, which he has not made and does not understand. It is the tragedy of man bereft of any intellectual compass, a man walking blindly through the dark in some hostile city like New York.

In the last pages Medza has the courage to break this vicious circle, and he renounces his home, his education and his girl-wife. Thus he refuses to allow himself to be offered as a mute, unprotesting sacrifice to the ravenous, alien god of ambition and education. Medza's is a brave gesture but the problem is unaltered and the god still remains lusting for sacrifice, even though one of his scapegoats has decamped.

The Lion and the Jewel is an uncomplicated comedy without the tragic backlash of *Mission to Kala*, and in this play Soyinka shows only the comic possibilities of the confrontation between the traditional and the modern. Lakunle, the pompous village schoolmaster, wants to marry Sidi, a simple and uneducated beauty, and then has great plans for "Westernizing" her. However, the flighty Sidi goes to bed with the village chief, a thoroughly corrupt old reactionary, because she has been told that he is impotent, and she is keen to torment his incapacities. But the Baroka's alleged impotence is only a ruse to seduce Sidi and the latter finds his love-making so overwhelming that she rejects out of hand Lakunle's plan to make her a proper white memsahib. The slavering, lecherous old chief and the pompous young ass are comic statements of a serious theme; but *The Lion and the Jewel* is a delightful, bubbling play, and with its dance and mime makes an exciting theatrical performance.

In this brief introduction to African literature, it is necessary to omit mention of the tangled, Gothic imagination of the Nigerian novelist, Amos Tutuola, and the fascinating symbolism of Camera Laye's *The Radiance of the King* (1956). And, of course, there are many novelists, poets and playwrights who are not concerned with this theme of the clash between the old and the new in the Africa of today. Yet with all qualifications made, it is possible to see that current African writing is serious, vital and markedly relevant to the continent's predicaments. And it is only at their peril that educators, politicians and dispensers of aid ignore the problems that Achebe and company are raising with such wit and honesty.

Declining, Bewildered, Frustrated

THE URBAN NATION, 1920-1960. By George E. Mowry. Hill and Wang. 278 pp. $5.

Frederick Gutheim

With the inevitability of an unregulated mechanism, Mr. Mowry's history of our recent times starts brilliantly but gradually runs down. Its main idea —that the United States is characterized in this period by its increasingly urban nature and the influence of its mass-production, mass-consumption economy—commences with great clarity and strength. But in the end one is overcome with doubts, unimpressed with the author's facts and arguments, and looking elsewhere for explanations of this complex and elusive period that still remains so much with us.

Frederick Gutheim, former president of The Washington Center for Metropolitan Studies, is now part of a Guggenheim project studying recent architecture in Finland.

There can be little argument with the fact of an increasingly urbanized nation. The difficulty is establishing what urbanization means. Perhaps one of Mr. Mowry's chief problems is that during this period the rural-urban dichotomy evaporated. Not merely did the agri-producer population decline to an absolute number of some 2 million. The nature of agricultural life itself became industrialized, and the farm population embraced urban living standards and ways. Urban migration swelled the population of cities and was strengthened not only by the technological developments that released surplus farm populations but even more by the loosened ties to the land itself. Not the rural-urban balance so much as interregional balances thus becomes the key issue. The movement of surplus population from the wheat regions to the West Coast in the twenties, the exodus from the dust bowl in the thirties, from the cotton states to the Northeast and

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West Coast in the war and postwar period, with their distinctive regional and racial characteristics has stamped our urban evolution as much as did earlier immigrations. As a Southern Californian, Mr. Mowry is keenly aware of these developments. The mushrooming cities of the West Coast perfectly illustrate the scientific-technological roots of postwar economic expansion, the significance of higher education and research, the defense-oriented, nationally supported economic stimulus, not to mention the global perspective of our foreign policy and, finally, the attraction of surplus population to these new opportunities.

The concentration of urban development in a relatively few very large metropolitan areas, located in but a few favored areas, further intensified the regional significance of these changes. Many older regions and particular cities were declining, bewildered, frustrated. Rather than the humorless version of rural America as the primary source of political reaction and bigotry, some consideration of what was happening in Cincinnati might better explain the attitudes of such a pivotal figure as Robert Taft, and Wisconsin's distrust of the new cosmopolitan centers offered the perfect seedbed for McCarthyism. Indeed, given the nature of the Senate, and the overwhelming significance of the resurgence of Congressional government in the postwar period, even such figures as Arthur H. Vandenberg, Harry S. Truman and Lyndon B. Johnson acquire new meaning as they respond to new constituencies, new economic and industrial orientations, new sources of political funds, new federal interests in urban problems, and the new ethnic politics of the big cities. Not the absolute gains or losses in population are significant in urban areas, so much as their meaning to cities which saw this performance in the light of former expectations, and found here their anxieties for the future.

The nature of the great city began to change about 1925, and the automobile was the decisive factor in creating its decentralized form and suburban character. In the free housing market choices of a totally mobile population a wholly new social and economic fragmentation of the metropolitan city appeared in which entire districts of homogeneous income, status and race were formed, and new relations with the older central city and with one another created new issues and apprehensions. That the suburbs have become today the prime beneficiaries of state legislative reapportionment, with the resulting significance both within states and in federal-urban relations, makes one regret still more Mr. Mowry's neglect of their growth and change during this period.

Somewhere in his excellent discussion of the dislocation of the war and postwar years, Mr. Mowry observes that in 1941, 45 per cent of all defense contracts had been given to just six corporations. What this meant to Detroit, Los Angeles, Seattle and a few other big cities—and to their politics—we are not shown, but it would appear a prime consideration to the urban interpretation of history. Indeed, it is history's greatest contribution to urbanism. If Houston was the fastest growing metropolis during this period, the source of its growth should be found in national rather than state and local factors. But the urban efflorescence that distinguished Mr. Mowry's period eludes his historical interpretation. That other historians must return to it we cannot doubt. When more is known about the individual actors in the historical drama, and more known about individual cities, we may be able to answer some of the questions raised in this stimulating and intelligent historical inquiry. Meanwhile, for those who do not expect all the answers, and who seek a thoughtful account of the politics, foreign policy, economic evolution and intellectual history of the period, this is a rewarding book.

A Neglected Genre

Richard Kostelanetz

The Modern Image: Outstanding Stories from The Hudson Review. Edited by Frederick Morgan. W. W. Norton. 288 pp. $4.50.
The Fetish & Other Stories. By Alberto Moravia. Translated by Angus Davidson. Farrar, Straus & Giroux. 285 pp. $4.95.
Soul of Wood & Other Stories. By Jakov Lind. Translated by Ralph Manheim. Grove Press. 190 pp. $3.95.
The Invention of Morel and Other Stories. By Adolfo Bioy Casares. Translated by Ruth L. C. Simms. University of Texas Press. 237 pp. $5.
Women and the Sun. By Pierre Gascar. Little, Brown & Co. 255 pp. $4.95.
The Night of the Giraffe and Other Stories. By Alfred Andersch. Translated by Christa Armstrong. Pantheon Books. 179 pp. $3.95.

Of all literary genres, none seems nowadays as neglected as the short story. Although agents may encourage writers to produce stories "to keep their names before the public," and many of the best American novelists have produced their most perfectly realized work in this shorter form (Bellow's "Looking for Mr. Green," for example, or Mailer's "The Man Who Studied Yoga"), stories take as long as poetry to be translated, unless their author is already a famous novelist. Indicatively, a major modern writer whose work has been dominantly in shorter forms, Jorge Luis Borges, is still hardly known outside his native Spanish America.

Moreover, one encounters little serious discussion of the modern short story, although we have all sorts of critical surveys, often comparative in orientation, of the modern novel, theatre and poetry. The few books we have are either unilluminating, such as William Peden's on recent American stories or, by standards for discussion of the novel, limited in scope and superficial as criticism, such as Frank O'Connor's *The Lonely Voice.* Even anthologies of criticism of modern literature hardly touch upon the short story—the Penguin *The Modern Age* has nothing specifically on it nor does, I'm ashamed to say, my own *On Contemporary Literature.* Nonetheless, writers continue to approach the story with serious and imaginative intentions and any reader of stories has sensed that the form has had its own evolution, though critics have shied away from defining it.

The five collections and one anthology of stories under discussion, by modernist authors of various cultures, suggest several common tendencies in the contemporary story. The major shift is away from the single image story—occasionally characterized as the "epiphany"—in which a unique

Richard Kostelanetz is the editor of The New American Arts *(Horizon) and* On Contemporary Literature *(Avon).*

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moment, scene or image clarifies all the other actions and locks the story's theme into place. In Hemingway's "The Clean Well-Lighted Place," as neat a model of the form as any, the Lord's Prayer, with "Nada" substituted for all the important words, defines the oppressive feeling of nothingness conveyed everywhere else in the story. Joyce, Kafka, and Babel are among the masters of this form.

As the single-image story reacted against the classic narrative story, shifting the point of emphasis from the end to a point near but not at the end, so the contemporary story moves the emphasis even further forward, spreading it evenly throughout until the theme is literally present in every paragraph. That is, rather than developing a plot or theme, the contemporary author intensifies the atmosphere or situation presented in the opening lines. The story's conclusion is more a reflection of the author's arbitrary decision to terminate the tale than of any intrinsic necessity or climax.

Just as a trend as contemporary and "new" as "The Theatre of the Absurd" has its predecessors, so the contemporary story has its own ancestry of experimental evolution. Traditionally, most short fictional portraits of madness have approximated this form, such as Maupassant's "The Horla," Gogol's "Diary of a Madman" or Chekhov's "A Boring Story." Perhaps the first great exponent of this totally flat form is the Argentine, Jorge Luis Borges, one of whose *Ficciones*, entitled "Pierre Menard, Author of Don Quixote," is among the form's modern masterpieces.

Borges' story is essentially a parodied critical article about a writer whose "admirable ambition was to produce [out of his own mind] pages which would coincide—word for word and line for line" with *Don Quixote*. What makes this story so profound is that Borges—very much like Nabokov in *Pale Fire*—at the same time that he parodies the absurdity of some literary values and styles also makes his narrator into an artist-hero. After all, like the writer himself, Menard has literally made something, a story, out of nothing; and Borges sustains both these themes—heroism and foolishness—through every sequence.

This overall structural shift pulls the genre of the short story further away from its roots in narrative and realistic portrayal (which, in our time, has been more successfully appropriated by history and reportage) and pushes it closer to the nonlinear spatial form of modern poetry. Within this shift there are several secondary tendencies. First is the complete absence of an authoritative voice; neither the author nor a spokesman-character speaks a theme or perception directly to the reader. First-person narrators are invariably unreliable authorities; indeed, their unreliability often becomes the prime discovery and thematic key of the story. Second, many of the developments of the modern novel have parallels in short fiction, such as the structure of discontinuous scenes rather than continuous narrative; shifts in the point of view (brilliantly done in Jakov Lind's "Soul of Wood"); and a heightened prose style, achieved either through the use of a rich and unclichéd dialect or through foreign words, ellipses and sheer elegance. Take this example from the third page of "Soul of Wood," where the mastery of the elliptical style is sustained and impressive:

> *Even at night Anton Barth lay with his eyes open, for like the rest of him his eyelids were paralyzed. He wore dark glasses. For sixteen years he had been waiting for his head to die too. That was the most he could do for his parents.*

At once, Lind conveys quite a bit about his character as well as his own vision of life.

Third, the favorite subject of the modern short story is the madman *in extremis*, either from neurosis (Gascar), alcoholism (Blattner), narcotics, psychosis (Lind), sexual obsession (Moravia) or sheer arrogance. The most brilliant exploration of this psychological subject is H. W. Blattner's "Sound of a Drunken Drummer," included in *The Modern Image*, a collection from *The Hudson Review*. Mrs. Blattner, Argentine-born of Swiss parents and now writing in English, presents in Elise a woman who is completely demoralized and constantly on the verge of losing her self-control. Apparently incredibly beautiful, she passes through marriages and numerous affairs until she now subsists as a kept woman, capable of driving as ruthless a bargain as she is of giving middle-aged men their pleasures. Among the exploited, she cannot win favor or contentment, except from her dog, so personified that at first we think "Rob" is a man. As a portrait of drunkenness, Mrs. Blattner's story has the intensity of Malcolm Lowry's *Under the Volcano* but with none of his excesses.

A natural subject of the new flat short story is the madness of delusion. Borges is the master; and here his Argentine disciple, Adolfo Bioy Casares, blessed with the Master's preface, executes a marvelously comic variation of the form in "The Invention of Morel." The narrator, apparently stranded on an island, imagines that a voluptuous girl, occasionally accompanied by a male friend ("Morel"), is its other inhabitant. Although he never works up enough courage to make her acquaintance and only once records her words, he portrays himself as falling in love with her and, once she disappears, closes the story promising to devote himself to the eternal contemplation of his beloved. What is remarkable is Casares' narrator's ability to impose his mentality upon reality, so that he is capable of stating that he sees "not two copies of the same book, but the some copy twice." Like Menard, Casares' narrator is a hero-fool, the latter because he is "an inventor [doomed to be] duped by his own invention," the former because he admirably makes his existence more interesting than it really is.

Contemporary story writers have continued the development of

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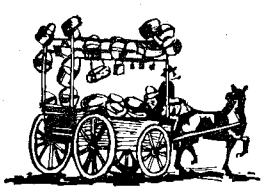

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By J. R. DOLAN

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symbolism; but whereas the modern story writers tried to create a symbolic character or situation (Gregor Samsa felt *like* a bug that day), recent writers have made the story into a total symbol. Perhaps the best example of this is Thomas Pynchon's "Entropy," seemingly about an aimless wild party in Washington until one recognizes that Pynchon, through numerous references to the constancy of the outside temperature (37°), is portraying a human analogue (symbol) for the physical concept of Entropy. Alfred Andersch attempts something similar in the disjointed narrative of "The Night of the Giraffe," but giraffes are too imposed a symbol to achieve sufficient resonance. Likewise, in Pierre Gascar's "The Asylum," the symbol of the world as madhouse is at once too forced and too hackneyed to please contemporary readers. The most realized example of the total symbol here is Lind's "Soul of Wood" —a quality which describes not only every character in the novella but also the Creator of this universe that permits such cruelty to exist.

As much as these books have in common stylistically, they vary greatly in quality. The most wholly satisfying writer is the German Jakov Lind —invariably intense, politically serious and capable of consistently realized work. Among other things, his "Soul of Wood" is enormously terrifying without ever sinking into cheap effects. His countryman, Alfred Andersch, creates less universalized tales, often overloaded with specific references, especially political, that may escape the American reader.

Gascar, a Frenchman, skirts between pure sensitivity and outright preciousness. His prose, deftly executed, is sometimes flaccid and self-indulgent and his intellectual resources are correspondingly thin. Bioy Casares seems to write too much in the shadow of his countryman, Borges. Possessed of a similar imagination, he lacks the erudition and sheer nuttiness to equal his master's richly complicated comedy. Of the five, he is the most enjoyable; but the sense of sophisticated triviality ("camp," perhaps?), only faint in Borges, is irritating.

Moravia is a curious case of a potentially great writer who does a considerable amount of hack work; and one of the reasons why his artistic reputation is higher in America than in his native Italy is that up to now most of this *schlock*, largely Sunday supplement stories, has not previously been translated. *The Fetish & Other Stories* presents Moravia at his most facile, inclined toward clichéd characterization, trick endings (a device now almost cheap), spelling out his themes, and many of the other hallmarks of the popular magazine writer. Aside from an occasional perception into the nature of sexual feeling, one would hardly believe this same Moravia wrote such gems as *Agostino* or *Conjugal Love*.

Although it hardly favors the most experimental of contemporary story forms—what we are more likely to find in *Genesis West, Evergreen Review, Art and Literature* or *Paris Review*—*The Hudson Review* has a strong taste for complexity and seriousness; and although some of the inclusions in *The Modern Image* struck me as tediously heavy, it does contain, in "Sound of a Drunken Drummer" and William Carlos Williams' "The Farmer's Daughters," two of the greatest American stories of our time.

In all, the story form is hardly declining; interesting, imaginative things are happening on an international scale. The flattened, spatial form admittedly entwines disadvantages with its advantages. It discounts adventure and narrative for scenes and moments; it minimizes the detailed depiction of personality and social milieu for more elliptical and mythic portraits; it favors certain themes, such as the narrator's madness, to the exclusion of others; it sacrifices a leisurely style to an intense one. Yet, nearly all the excellent contemporary stories I know embody this flattened form, because, I suspect, first, that the old form with its standard plots and gimmicks has simply worn itself out and, conversely, that the new form is particularly appropriate to the contemporary imagination.

I Arrive at Socialism by Train

Stefan Heym

I left the United States in the early fifties. Senator McCarthy was on the rampage, the Korean War was distorting the political and literary judgment of the people, writers were jailed under the pretext of being in contempt of Congress, the black list was the essential tool of the motion picture, radio and publishing industries. My position as a naturalized citizen made me particularly vulnerable to persecution; my exodus had been preceded by that of Charles Chaplin, Thomas Mann, Bertolt Brecht.

I probably could have gotten along by compromising. No one was forcing me to continue to write the kind of books that had previously brushed against the neuralgic points of the Establishment. *The Crusaders*, while stressing the democratic effort of World War II, illustrated the big-business, Fascist angle built into the American power apparatus, besides putting the finger on the coming alliance with the very forces which had created the German concentration-camp regime; *The Eyes of Reason* stated the historical justification of the Communist take-over of power in postwar Czechoslovakia; *Goldsborough* demonstrated the conspiracy of business, government and corrupt union officials against the Pennsylvania miners during the 1949-50 coal strike.

But here lay the conflicts which interested me. The clash of class against class, whichever way it manifested itself, made for the dramatic element which I felt the big novel needed. The social texture of a character's background determines and forms the character's psyche. So I had to depict the social texture; and if I did this as I saw it, I had to deal with class conflicts, themes which were poison to publisher and critic—at least in the United States of the fifties.

I couldn't compromise my work. I didn't want to compromise my political integrity. Jail and possible deportation, the logical follow-up of a tilt with Mr. Roy Cohn of the McCarthy committee, were not conducive to writing books or getting them published. My income depended on the sale of the books I wrote. If they no longer sold, I would have had to accept an unskilled laborer's job, which would have precluded all writing.

So I left.

I was born in that part of Germany which is now the German Democratic Republic. And though I

Stefan Heym is the author of several novels, the most recent of which are The Eyes of Reason *(Little, Brown),* Goldsborough *(Blue Heron Press) and* The Lenz Papers *(Cassell's, London).*

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never was an organized Communist and still do not belong to any party, my political sympathies tended there rather than toward the West German regime. As a United States Army officer, editing some of the first newspapers published in the U.S. occupation zone, I had been in on the beginning of that regime and knew what was behind the trappings.

Settling in the German Democratic Republic, I was aware that I hadn't come to a land of milk and honey. At that time, the place was rife with ruins; food was rationed; two sets of prices gave the economy a crazy-quilt pattern; above all, the minds of the people, as in Western Germany, were warped by twelve years of Nazism and by the crash of the dream of the German *Ubermensch.*

But in Eastern Germany one thing had been done by the Soviet army and by the German Socialists and Communists who had trickled into administrative positions — one thing never seriously attempted by the American Army: power had been wrested from those who were responsible for Nazism and war. The landed estates had been expropriated and divided among small farmers and farm hands; the banks, the mines, the big plants no longer belonged to the capitalists.

This was new. This had never before been done in Germany where the workers, in 1918 and 1923, had bungled their chance to come to power.

To the writer, this was a highly interesting, new situation, a field untapped, pure gold if you only could dig it up.

The writer himself was placed in a new position. He was becoming a social force, his word a factor in public discussion, his work "a weapon in the struggle."

I don't say that the writer is not being taken seriously in the West. That a committee of Congress troubled to put a dozen or so behind bars proves my point. But literature in the West is generally understood and taken as entertainment; it is not expected that the writer will help to mold and change people's minds; the emphasis on his function differs in the West and East.

I have always sought contact with the people. I have lectured in America, I have lectured in East Germany. I feel that the intelligence level of the audiences is the same; but the attitudes are different. Here, the questions put to me emphasized the fact that the people somehow wanted to apply the lessons of a book to their own lives; the questions went beyond the literary and came from audiences which only recently had begun to acquire books—questions by people who were seeking.

This kind of contact stimulates the writer. Or at least it did me. But it also puts a responsibility upon him which in the West he need not necessarily shoulder. Sartre, recently in Prague, said that the writer today has three duties. He must side with the revolution—the social or the national revolution, whichever is on the agenda. He must be disciplined. He must criticize. The two latter duties conflict with each other; the solution of this conflict, Sartre said, is the writer's daily task. This certainly applies to the writer in a Socialist country.

Settling in the German Democratic Republic, I had to decide whether I wanted to continue writing in English. I am bilingual, as are a number of writers from the former colonial countries who write in their native language as well as in English or French.

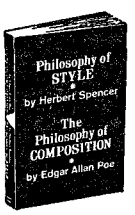
I decided to stick to English—but not as a secret protest against the government of the German Democratic Republic and its cultural policies, as was stated in *The Atlantic Monthly* not long ago. Were I moved to protest, I know more efficient ways to express my opinion than to boycott a language. I write in English because its strict rules of sentence structure require clear thought. German lends itself to muddleheadedness, as Mark Twain observed. When I use German in journalistic pieces that are written for the day, the English sentences shaping up in the back of my mind help me to avoid the roundabout formulations of the German.

My Soviet publishers have urged that I state whether I consider myself a German or an American writer. The question is of some importance to them because their paper allotment for my books depends on whether they can take it from their "German" or their "American" quota. For myself, I don't trouble over the problem. I believe that my literary roots lie in American and English literature more than in German. Hemingway, Twain, Dickens have been my teachers rather than Thomas Mann or Fontane.

A writer grounded in both the capitalist and the Socialist worlds has an obvious advantage over one who knows only the former or the latter. It is easier to find your way around in capitalism; it's been the same track for centuries. Socialism is new, untried; even forty-five years of it isn't much in the eyes of history.

You can enter socialism by revolution, at the side of the people who are making it and at the time it is being made; or you can arrive there by train, as I did. In either case, you set your foot on uncharted territory which, if that's what you like, can be quite exciting.

From theories and books, from reports and brief preceding visits East, I had tried to chart at least a provisional course. Its main feature was the idea that the revolution having done away with the power of the bourgeoisie, the classic conflict of class versus class, which had been underlying the themes of my books, no longer applied. Of course there were the remnants, pretty big remnants, of the old classes and the old conflicts; but they were remnants, I believed, and on the whole the new society was over the hump and on a pretty straight course toward con-



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ditions in which the only conflicts to concern the writer were boy-meets-girl, or two-boys-meet-one-girl, or vice versa.

It didn't take long to find out that I was wrong. On my third day in East Berlin I ran into a man I had known for years as a staunch Communist, a founding member of that party in Germany, who told me he had been removed from membership. I tried to say something of an administrative error; he didn't even answer that one.

Then came June 17, 1953, in Berlin: workers striking against a workers' government, workers' tanks rumbling through workers' streets. I threw myself into newspaper work, ran a weekly column in Berlin's largest paper, stayed close to people, received thousands of letters, visited plants, lived anonymously in refugee barracks, was in touch with men from the chief of state to shipyard and building workers, students, farmers, clergymen.

And I began to see that there were conflicts — *new* conflicts — of which there was no mention in the Marxist classics: a few hints, perhaps, in Lenin, and strangely enough in the early Stalin; hints, but nothing more. These conflicts were no longer based on the old antagonism of bourgeoisie versus working class; although in a divided country like Germany, two-thirds capitalist, one-third Socialist, you could not rule out past patterns of collision. At any rate, in the Socialist sector an earthquake had taken place; what was down had come up, what was up had fallen, but the new mountains had by no means settled into place.

The revelations of the Twentieth Congress of the Soviet Communist Party threw a glaring light on some of the crevices; yet even the Khrushchev speech posed new questions rather than furnished answers.

Observing these new conflicts and taking part in them, defining the new questions and searching for answers to them by using the resources of fiction is a thrilling challenge. The writer may have a tough time of it; his findings may not agree with official requirements, he may even touch a neuralgic point—this does not change the writer's duty nor detract from the fascination of the job.

I know that up to now relatively little of this has been reflected in novels, plays, poems. I don't believe that censorship, Stalin and post-Stalin, is entirely to blame for the situation. While the unexplored conflicts have shaken up people for years, their outline, their component parts, their roots have only lately come into focus, and we still don't know too much about them.

What about discipline, party and otherwise? What about democracy under socialism? What about the power structure, what checks and balances must be found? What about freedom? What about art, its role, its function under socialism? Such questions quicken the pulse of the writer. These questions and conflicts are not the theoretical matters restricted to the ideological commissions of the party apparatus or its cultural committees. They are bread-and-butter questions. When people are no longer subject to big-business rule and their minds no longer shaped by big-business policies, art and philosophy enter daily living; the correct or incorrect interpretation of scientific theories means space flight or not; a man's thought and his word translate themselves directly into a moving force.

I feel that as a writer in a Socialist country I am now embarked on a tremendous spiritual venture. The Stalin mold—one fountainhead, one wisdom, one solution—has been broken even where a few vest-pocket Stalins try to keep some of the pieces patched together.

We're on the track of something new; we've got hold of it and we won't let go. A day at the typewriter can mean the first blocking out of a new discovery, another step forward into the uncharted territory. Of course — as in any social system — the writer has to have the courage of his conviction, the integrity to write the truth as he sees it, the patience to fight his way through petty and sometimes not so petty obstacles.

I wouldn't want to change places with any writer in the West. I'm having an exciting time.

RECORDS

Benjamin Boretz

SOME 20th-CENTURY CLASSICS

STRAVINSKY: *Apollo* (1928) Columbia Symphony; *Orpheus* (1946) Chicago Symphony Orchestra. Igor Stravinsky, cond. Columbia ML 6046/MS 6646.

These two works are mong the most specially treasured by "inside" Stravinskyans: unsensational in surface, but spectacular in the subtlety and richness of their details and formal designs, especially in the direction of the restraint and precision that are so powerful in Stravinsky's recent music. In *Apollo*, this is centrally evident in the incredible variety of sonority drawn from the string ensemble, and in the unique phraseology generated by a stunning revaluation of the formal meaning of a "lyrical" continuity. And in *Orpheus*, the selection of timbres around the initial harp sound (a process that actually "happens" as the harp is gradually surrounded and submerged by the mounting overlap of pitches sustained from its own steadily unfolding line) creates sonorities that resonate through later works from *Agon* to *Movements* and beyond. Here, too, a filmic intercutting (it becomes a "dissolve" in the slower tempos at either end, the most wonderfully "deliberate" passages in all of Stravinsky's even-note continuities) is the articulative basis for a total time-sense that, even for Stravinsky, is singularly original—especially as he hears it on these extraordinary recordings. Indeed, this soon-to-be-nonagenarian remains his own most discerning interpreter; the *Apollo* he conducts, for example, is a revelation in the replacement of the "sweetness" of every other performance by a sharp "edge" and muscularity that is almost belligerently un-*Siegfried-Idyll*-like. The playing by the Columbia Symphony strings is precise enough, though not as clean or unforced as the Chicago Orchestra's performance of *Orpheus*, which is as close to ideal for the sonority of the piece as one need imagine.

SCHOENBERG: The Music of Arnold Schoenberg, Vol. III: Chamber Symphony No. 1 (1906); Five Pieces for Orchestra (1909); *Herzgewaechse* (1911); Bach: *Komm Gott* and *Schmücke Dich* (1922); Bach: "St. Anne" Prelude and Fugue (1928); *Kol Nidre* (1938); Chamber Symphony No. 2 (1939); *Dreimal Tausend Jahre* (1949). Robert

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Craft, cond. Columbia M2L/M2S 709.

The Columbia Stravinsky and Schoenberg series are the most important recording project ever undertaken, for they represent the only sources through which, at last, the principal musical literature of this century is becoming available for repeated, or even initial, listening. For that reason, to attempt a single "review" of even a part of the series, would be ludicrously inappropriate, beyond noting and exulting in its existence. Thus I shall just mention the most revelatory of the Schoenberg works that may be experienced in this and the earlier volumes on records (or elsewhere) for the first time: *Die Glückliche Hand,* in Vol. I, the *Genesis* Prelude in Vol. II, and the Four Orchestral Songs, the Bach orchestrations, and the choral *Dreimal Tausend Jahre* in Vol. III; those whose performances under Craft in this series are superior to others in print: *Pierrot Lunaire* with Bethany Beardslee and Robert Helps in Vol. I, along with the *Survivor from Warsaw,* both Chamber Symphonies, *Kol Nidre, Pelleas and Melisande;* the performances that are considerably superior to Craft's own earlier versions: Variations for Orchestra, *Herzgewaechse,* Five Pieces for Orchestra, and those renderings that are disappointing: mainly the *Erwartung* in Vol. I, because of Helga Pilarcyk's multiple inaccuracies of pitch.

The accompanying notes, written by some of the best musical minds in our midst, are for once genuinely informative on a level appropriate to the stature of the music itself. I suspect that it will be impossible to avoid constant references to this album in years to come, since, like Craft's own earlier pioneering Webern album, but on a far more significant and mature level of musical accomplishment, these recordings will themselves become part of the important musical history of our time.

BARTOK: The Six String Quartets. The Juilliard String Quartet. Columbia D3L 317/ D3S 717.

The string quartets remain *the* Bartók literature, the source of almost everything original and significant in his compositional thought. Even the First Quartet is in striking contrast to the rather superficially "moderne" music Bartók was producing in other media at about the same time. Indeed, the First is already quite clearly the work of a serious and probing deployer of

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notes, especially in terms of linear interrelations — the special "counterpoint" of the traditional string-quartet texture — although the resultant harmony seems to discover rather too little ramification for all the complicated activity out of which it arises.

But one is also ever more aware, and particularly in these most important works, of all the inconsistencies and limitations that make Bartók the *petit maître* among the authentic early 20th-century giants. In particular, there remains an occasionally disturbing eclecticism, the sudden appearance of familiar sounds unsubsumed within an overall context—the Liszt added-sixth chords in the First Quartet for example, or the hurdy-gurdy music in No. 5.

Of the other quartets, the Second also predates Bartók's rather late-arriving compositional maturity. Nevertheless, it explores the dissociation and merging of (in the first movement) simultaneously and (in the second) successively occurring planes of texture, rhythm, tempo and register, with some arresting results, if again an ultimate sense of overall incompleteness and conceptual uncertainty.

The Third and Fourth Quartets, on the other hand, reveal a sustained compositional intensity that creates, out of an amalgam of "heard" string-quartet contexts from Beethoven to Webern, an articulative universe of its own and is the focal achievement that really justifies the continued currency of the entire set. The Third's remarkable idea of sonority and organization is apparent from the outset; perhaps for the first time in Bartók's work, the event-succession seems totally generated out of a comprehensive internal procedure, and the result is an immediately fascinating web of association in a palpable totality. In this context, all of Bartók's prodigious inventiveness in string-quartet sonority focuses on the articulation of important relationships, and this functionality gives the famous "effects" their real brilliance.

The Fourth is a "fourth quartet" in the Schoenberg sense amid Bartók's work, the *locus classicus* for any observations about his attempt to reconstruct a new syntactical coherence by nontonal means. It is, surely, the most concentrated and directed of all Bartók's works, certainly the one that most rewards repeated and attentive listening — particularly to progressive expansion of the interval-spans that form the melodic core of each successive movement, and the descending curve that ends with the return to the interval vocabulary of the opening.

The last two quartets appear to retrench from the resources and control evident in the Third and Fourth (whose qualities, in fact, seem to have undergone no real further development in Bartók's later music). Instead, there is often a facile effectiveness, an apparent willingness to settle for the association that arose most immediately and improvisatorily. The Fifth is thus a somewhat diluted statement of elements of the Fourth, while the Sixth takes the direction of a kind of wandering lyricism that, for all the external ingenuity of its progressively fuller harmonization of a "basic line," fails to convey any powerfully motivating structural concern.

The Juilliard Quartet first recorded these works some sixteen years ago, and the superiority of the performances has never been challenged. The group has by now discovered in the quartets a range of variety and nuance that considerably modifies the unrelieved aggressiveness of the earlier approach. At the same time, the Juilliard has acquired a security in every detail of the scores that results in a level of mechanical ensemble hardly ever encountered even in the most familiar traditional literature, and marred only by an occasional want of timbral finesse. Given the excellence of the recorded sound as well, there would seem to be no further need to look for a definitive recording of the Bartók quartets. For this reason, one especially regrets the substitution in the new album of some pretentiously silly program notes for the illuminating remarks that were included with the old set.

Sunday to a Close at Gritman Hospital

i rest here for nerves: someone beserk
inside (the rub is he looks like me)
is blowing bubbles that rise and pop
along the surface of my skin — i jerk

like a puppet. Early evening, and for veins
iced, listing on poles of ice,
while neighbor walls tan themselves, they break
the jam with nitro. A chain-saw close-by

backs a black tree against sky, teeth murder
and into blue — an hour glass spills its sand.
A voice reels along corridors, i open my hand:
"8 o'clock and visiting hours are now over."

How we let the world smoke down fuel-sick,
pouring our oils into private lamps.
Yet one cannot say it's over: Here
light and needle both pause to hover.

A hungry moth carrying gold-pin eyes
thumps the window frontier, picks at ice
with his hatpin. In, he excites the air
with predictions
pogosticks across the ceiling
kissing reflections.

Edward Auert

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